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# MOUNT HENNETH,

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N O V E L.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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V O L. II.

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JOHN T. HENNESSY

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# MOUNT HENNETH.

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*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

I Thank my dear brother for his affecting story of Mrs. Williams. I have a tale to tell too, of terror and distress, of the downfall of all my hopes, the overthrow of my insidious arts. A simple tale of facts, that will draw no moisture from any eye; no pity from any heart. I know not if my own patience will be sufficient for the dull recital.

You cannot conceive, brother, how very lovingly and cordially every thing went on at my uncles, after breaking the ice in the manner I informed you of in my last. Preparations for marriage, indeed, were not carried on with that pre-

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cipitate



cipitate ardour, some bridegrooms feel; for, I must confess, my uncle's passion does not seem superabundant in the ardent; but they were carried on however; and Mrs. Betty was so excessively civil and courteous, as to intimate a sort of wish that I would grace the nuptials with my presence. In short, her behaviour was so suitable and full of decorum, that I began not to hate her; which, at my first coming, in spite of myself I could not help.

My uncle had been ill for a few days; that is, not so well as usual, and had called in a young Scotch physician, whose name is Gordon, and who is rising into great reputation, though he has been from Edinburgh only two years. He speaks broad Scotch, and seems to be a man of humour, and good humour too.

Maister Sutton, says he, this gouty humour of yours, is *mal a propos*. Ken ye what we must do with it, mon? If we drive it awa for the present, that it may no' interrupt your nuptual joys, ten to one it comes with double fury upon ye. And 'gin we bring it to a regular gout, it wull postpone the hymeneal blifs, and that, to a young bridegroom, like yoursel, would be mickle irksom.

What the devil is it to you, doctor,  
says



says my uncle, whether I marry or not; cannot you cure my disorders without troubling yourself about other things?

Aw the deel mon, ye do na understand the nonnaturals, nor ken ye weel the muckle influence the mind has over the body. How are ye fure, maister Sutton, that this irregular proceeding of your humours does not arise from the agitation o' your mind, upon the prospect o' your approaching blifs.

Let it arise from what the devil it will, says my uncle, testily, 'tis your business to get rid on't, and not concern yourself about foreign matters.

I tell you, maister Sutton, that nothing is foreign to a physician that concerns his patient; for sin doctor Priestly found out, that the soul of man is made of the same materials as the body, the parsons have given up all care about it; and the poor physician is obliged to administer now for the maladies of ambition, pride, avarice, spleen, and petulance, as well as gout and fever.

And I tell you, doctor Gordon, that if the devil had all the parsons, and the physicians into the bargain, I don't believe the nation would thrive abit the worse for it.

Aw in gude time, Sir; gi the black  
A 2 gen-



gentleman leave to do his work at his own leisure, and don't hurry him. But, as I was telling you, maister Sutton, since this additional burthen has been laid upon the physicians, all their care is to construct an instrument, to be applied to the patient's imagination; to indicate the heat and cold thereof, and shew what part of the compass it points to; and till this can be effected, they have issued out an ordonnance from Warwick-lane, enjoining all patients to answer interrogatories, made by physicians, as fully and faithfully as their fathers, in times of yore, answered at auricular confession. And, my first interrogatory is, when do you design to marry; for, on the answer to this, the nature of the prescription wull depend.

Pho, pox, says my uncle, you're such an odd fellow, a man does not know when to be angry and when to be pleased with you.

I wull give him a gude general rule for this, maister Sutton, when he can't help being the one or the other.

Well, I can't help being very angry with you at this moment, says my uncle.

Then I have aw my diagnostics to learn over again. Pray, maister Sutton, (pulling  
ling



ling a small mirror out of his pocket) do me the favour to look at this, and tell me if you ken the face of an angry mon in it? Your judgment upon the case, miss Sutton; my uncle could not help a smile; is that the frown of anger? No, master Sutton, gin ye attempt to deceive your phyfician in this manner.

Now, brother, you must know that all this is nothing to my story; but when a woman is pleased with a man—Pshaw, that is with his manner; she is mighty apt to be tediously profuse in her encomiums.

Doctor Gordon amused us sometime longer with his pleasantry, prescribed a few powders to be frequently taken, and left my uncle in high good humour.

As Mrs. Betty had sat up a great part of the preceding night, I offered to attend my uncle the night following, and, at last, it was agreed that she should wait upon him till twelve; then call me, and go to rest herself; at the same time she informed me where I might find the powders. There was a small bed put up in a closet adjoining my uncle's chamber, where Mrs. Betty used to sleep when my uncle was neither so ill as to want much attendance, nor so well as to do quite without. But her proper apart-



## 6 MOUNT HENNETH.

ment was one pair of stairs higher, a middle room betwixt James's and Jenny's, the undermaid, and thither she went when I relieved her.

About three o'clock I wanted to give my uncle his medicine, and, looking where Mrs. Betty had instructed me, I found two sorts of powders in nearly equal papers, but differing in colour.

Neither my uncle nor I could determine which was right.

I took a candle and went to Mrs. Betty's apartment, and was a little surprized to find two faces in the bed, till it occurred to me that for some reason or other Jenny might lie with her that night. They were both asleep, and looking a little more intently, I perceived one wore a man's night cap, and appeared to be no other than James himself. Good God, how I trembled! To be certain, I brought the candle nearer till the light flashed in his face. He started, swore a great oath, and jumped out of bed on the other side. I flew back to my uncle's chamber, breathless with terror. I sunk down upon the bed, and, with difficulty, kept myself from fainting.

My uncle all the while kept tormenting me with questions and exclamations, to which I made no answer; but, I can't tell



tell you, Sir; indeed I can't. He swore and stormed, however, till I did; and then no expedient would serve but to put them both to death directly, which, however, he did not find himself strong enough to go about. At length he swore himself asleep, and I had a couple of hours relief.

I was still involved in the consideration of this affair, and wondering how it would terminate; when, to my entire astonishment, about the usual hour of rising, in came Mrs. Betty, calm and composed as innocence itself.

My uncle assaulted her with a torrent of reproaches.

I thought, says she, there would be some mistake from what Jenny told me this morning. She says, that you, miss, came into my room about three o'clock this morning, and frightened her out of her wits, by holding a lighted candle to her face. She thought the bed was on fire, and jumped out; and that you, if it was you, ran away as fast as you could.

Jenny, says my uncle, so it was Jenny all this while: and how came she to lie with you?

She did not know I should sleep there last night, Sir, so she lay in my bed to air it, as she often does.



After a little more altercation, Jenny was called, who confirmed Mrs. Betty's tale in every particular.

My uncle asked me if I was convinced of my mistake?

I answered, I must beg leave to be silent about it; that I had already said every thing I could say; that the face and voice appeared to be James's; and he himself was as good a judge as any one, how far I might be deceived by my fears.

James's face, says Jenny; James has been out all night; his bed this morning is just as I left it yesterday.

The words were scarce out of her mouth when we heard a gentle rap at the street door. I suppose that's him, says Jenny.

My uncle ordered him to be called. He came in his afternoon dress. How comes it to pass, rascal, says my uncle, that you dare lie out of my house of nights?

I beg your pardon, Sir, says James, I never did so but once before; and not for any wickedness, I assure you.

For what then, says my uncle?

James made many hums and hahs before he would tell; but, at last, it came out that he had fallen in love with Peggy,  
the



the cook, at a noted eating house; and that they had agreed to be married together, and set up one of their own, as soon as ever they could raise money by saving or borrowing.

He added many particulars of his courtship, and with such an air of plausibility, that I could not, in the least, wonder at my uncle's being fully convinced.

What say you to all this, niece? says he, a little gloomily. Nothing, Sir; only I will entreat your permission to return to lady Morell's; I cannot now expect either you or Mrs. Betty to look favourably upon me.

Lord, miss, says she, I owe you no ill will, not I; since it has pleased God to prove my innocence. I dare say it was only owing to fear; and a body, in a fright, may well make a mistake. For my part, miss, I shall never think no more about it. Good creature, says my uncle. And this good creature continued as smooth as oil all breakfast time; at last she went about her ordinary occupations.

The remainder of the morning was spent by my turbulent uncle, in endeavouring to convince me of my error. All my answer was, that I was convinced  
the



the whole affair would appear to every unprejudiced person as it did to him. Unhappily, at present, the impression upon my senses was too strong to allow free scope to my judgement; and, till it was otherwise, I thought it would be better to return to lady Morell's.

Doctor Gordon interrupted this debate. Weel, says he, this is right now. Your gude folk in the kitchen are as merry as Hogarth's laughing audience, and mirth is an enemy to the doctor; while in the parlour ye are aw in a state o' perturbation, and that bodes us muckle gude. What the de'el are ye at now?

Would you believe it, brother? my absurd uncle blundered out the whole affair, by way of appeal against my obstinacy, as he called it.

Maister Sutton, says the doctor, ye certainly see the thing in its right light. The senses are for aye gi'ing us false intelligence. And I dunna' think miss knows enough of the difference of sexes, as to ken a mon fra' a woman, without mair circumstance.

Besides, in cases of doubt and perplexity, it is right to determine in favour of the moral gudeness o' the parties concerned, especially when it coincides with our own propensities.

Not-



Notwithstanding, we are not altogether to condemn Miss Sutton, for the eyes are powerful persuaders. There are people who have ventured to believe their eyes in spite of the positive establishment of an alibi in the Old Bailey. But they are clearly in the wrong, maister Sutton, for a body canno' be in twa places at the same instant of time. As to the need of miss's returning to Lady Morell's, ye are the best judges. The peace o' families should na' be endangered, when it can be prevented without muckle ado.

I was sensible the doctor, by this insinuation, was indirectly advising me to go; and, though I could not conjecture why he did so, I determined to take it. Accordingly, a few hours after, I took a formal leave of my uncle and your aunt that is to be, who supported her specious character admirably to the last, and with a heavy heart left the house.

Lady Morell received me in an easy picktooth way, neither pleased nor displeased; so that in a few days you may expect to hear I am flying to forget the crosses, and the freaks of fortune in the arms of my brother.

Adieu.



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*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

**H**OW manifold dear brother are the changes and chances of this mortal life! I am not flying to Henneth; I am not with Lady Morell; I am in the house of my uncle; I am his heart's-dear niece; his heiress, brother, if an old man's obstinacy can stand against every argument of truth, reason, and justice.

Over and above all, I am his house-keeper and privy council; the importance and occupation of which offices, are so great, that I really have not time to say more by this post, than that my uncle sends his love to you. Patience, dear brother, is the advice of

Your Sister,

ANN SUTTON.

Mr.



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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

Henneth.

I Am all astonishment, Nancy, at the contents of thy last. Housekeeper to thy uncle? his heiress? and truth, reason, and justice all against it? This is inexplicable; or it is an effusion from the generous bosom of a sister, in favour of a less deserving brother. Thou art the only daughter of his brother, Nancy; equally near in blood with myself; and in every virtue how infinitely superior. And my uncle sends his love to me! Cruel, tormenting Ann! And my sister sends patience! A medicine for a mad dog.

The whole scene, Nancy, described in thy preceding letter, was natural in all its parts, and suited to the actors. There is nothing new, save in the character of Doctor Gordon, who pleases me exceedingly, and thee too, Ann, or I am a bad soothsayer. That Mrs. Betty was a w---e and an hypocrite, I knew before. I knew my uncle was a dupe, and thee a gentle timid thing, who would'st scarcely lift the hand against a wasp about to sting thee. Nature had kindly suited the  
drama



drama to the persons, and the piece ended, as it was like to end.

If I may be allowed to foretell, as an Irishman would say, a thing that is past, I should guess, that love and doctor Gordon, had somehow changed the scene; for there seems a quickness of apprehension concealed under the drollery of that Scot, that honest Scot I hope, well adapted for the purposes of discovery. Explanation is upon the wing, I hope, or dread the vengeance, Ann, of thy ——— Fill the gap as thou wilt.

T. SUTTON.

*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

I Am absolutely vexed with myself, for sporting thus wantonly with the patience and good nature of my brother. What if I could not write that post, it would have been easy, and much kinder not to have wrote at all. Forgive me, my Tommy; I will repair the fault, if the sacrifice of half this night's repose will do it.

The next morning I was surprized by  
an



an unexpected visit from doctor Gordon. He was pleased to say my innocence and gentleness were very unfit to cope with the people I had to deal with at my uncle's, and, on that account, he was glad I was removed. He was very well convinced that I was not deceived as to the transaction of that night. He thought he saw the whole train of management; if so, it should go hard, but he would counterplot them. That he had taken, and would continue to take, an honest liberty with his patient, that of persuading him, that his illness was of consequence, when, in reality, it had scarce an existence. That this would gain time to search the bottom of the affair, which, if they should find as represented by Mrs. Betty, the matter must be left where it was. For though, says he, I have heard an excellent character of your brother, and it would give me the utmost pleasure to be an instrument of restoring him to his expectations, I will not descend to a dishonourable act, for that or any other purpose in life. But, in detecting villany, I will assist any honest man; and, in the service of a lady, and permit me to say, of the lady who now honours me with her conversation, I will not be out-done by any.

Here



Here was gallantry, brother.

The first step I will take, says the doctor, shall be at a proper time to pay a visit to Mrs. Peggy, at the eating-house, supposing Mrs. Peggy to be. If she is a shadow only, I shall detect Mr. James by that circumstance; if she is substance, I don't see why a woman may not be bribed to truth as well as falsehood. But with every step I take I shall do myself the honour to make you acquainted.

As he was taking his leave, I thanked him in "the best terms I had." But, permit me, doctor, says I, to ask you, why, in this conversation, you have so much less of the Scotch pronunciation, and none of the words which belong to that language *only*?

It was an innocent deceit, he said, by which he found he could keep the generality of his patients in good temper, with very little aid from wit and humour; but with you, miss, says he, I never intend to use deceit at all.

More gallantry, brother. The next day, instead of the doctor, I received a card in these terms.—"Doctor Gordon's compliments to Miss Sutton—denies himself the pleasure of seeing her to-day, in order to do it to-morrow with more satisfaction.—Peggy is a real being—

James



James and Betty are too provident to trust to an ideal personage—an incident has fallen out from another quarter, which he hopes may be improved, to produce his wishes—will have the honour to explain it to-morrow.”

I was as impatient for the morrow as I suppose my brother is for the next post from London. It was near evening before the doctor came, and Lady Morell being engaged abroad, I had all the leisure to receive him I could wish.

I am happy to inform you, madam, says the doctor, that this affair is already brought to an eclairessment, and to a termination such as you would wish. I am only sorry I can claim no share in the merit of the discovery, which is owing entirely to the honest zeal of a Nanny Garton, a young woman, who lived at Mr. Sutton's some months ago. She is, it seems, own cousin to Jenny, who lives there now, and being out of place, calls often to see her.

It is very lucky, Miss Sutton, that the order of the apartments in your uncle's house, is such, as no man of fortune would bear, besides himself. The only entrance into the parlour is through a corner of the kitchen, and there is another room to pass through before you arrive there.

When



When I knocked at the door yesterday morning, this Nanny Garton opened it, and passing into the kitchen, I saw Jenny in tears.

Beauty in distress, you know Miss, is a touching thing, and it is a doctor's business to cure all human complaints—if he can.

With as much tenderness therefore, as the disposition of my features will allow, I set about enquiring into the poor girl's disorder.

Jenny kept crying on, but chose to make no answer.

It does not signify, says Nanny; you say the doctor knows all about it hitherto, and so tell him the rest; perhaps he'll stand your friend with master. I cannot tell him indeed, says Jenny, I am so ashamed. Then let me, says Nanny. O dear, O dear, says Jenny, what shall I do! Why be honest, says the other, and God will prosper thy gains. But it don't signify talking, Jenny; out it must come one way or other; for as fine a gentleman as ever trod upon shoe leather sha'nt be ruined by such a—a—a——

I understand you very we'ol young woman, says I; but Jenny need not give herself any trouble about the matter, as the old gentleman will be well acquainted to.



to-morrow with aw the circumstances; except the sum that Jenny pocketed for gi'ing false evidence.

Christ ha' mercy, says Jenny. However, continued I, as I like to be a woman's friend when I can, if Jenny wull confess every thing to her maister to-day, I wull stop Peggy at the eating-house from doing it to-morrow. Good God! says Jenny, can Peggy betray James? You fool, says Nanny, you shall in to my malter this very minute before James and Betty come from the market. I swear if she won't I will.

We'el let it be as you think fit; g'in Jenny does na strike while the iron is hot, she wull repent it all her days. Saying this, I passed into the parlour.

Having made the common enquiries into my patient's health and so forth; maister Sutton, says I, what the de'el is the matter in your kitchen? Yesterday they were laughing mad, and to-day they are aw in tears. Before he could reply, in came Nanny, lugging Jenny along, with a little lump of money in her left hand.

Nanny was the first spokes-woman; I assure you, Sir, says she, my cousin Jenny here is as honest a girl as ever was born, but she has been betrayed into  
doing



doing a wrong thing all of a sudden, as one may say, for want of time to consider.

Jenny now threw herself at her master's feet, and sobbing, begged his forgiveness. As to your poor uncle, he was tongue-tied with amazement.

The substance of Jenny's confession was this; that about four of the clock in the morning of your adventure, Miss Sutton, Mrs. Betty comes wringing her hands into Jenny's room, crying out she was undone and ruined for ever, for Miss Sutton had seen James in bed with her. And that James also came in, and they both fell to intreaties, and Mrs. Betty put ten guineas into her hand, and promised to give her as much more, and be her friend, as long as she lived.

So Jenny was overpersuaded. Now whether it was conscience or the vanity of wealth that induced Jenny to confide all this to Nanny the very next day, does not clearly appear. Nanny, however, saw the affair in a very different light, and threatened poor Jenny with fire and flame for ever, if she did not make recantation. The chief argument which Nanny used, was the heinous sin of letting her old master marry a w—re, and her young one, the best gentleman in the world, be disinherited. Whether all this would have  
con-



conquered Jenny's repugnance is uncertain, if fortune had not kindly conducted me at the critical instant to take a share in the debate.

Whilst Jenny was making her confession, and Nanny strengthening it with little anecdotes of her own, in comes Mrs. Betty. I expected a continuation of that charming serenity and composure for which this virgin is likely to be celebrated in after times; but the suddenness of the explosion annihilated all her intrepidity.

Mr. Sutton swore; Nanny railed; and Jenny repeated the terms of the convention. How Mrs. Betty tutored her; what answers she should make to such and such questions; how James was to get out of the house in his afternoon dress, and pretend to have lain out all night; and for fear of the worst, how she bid him go to Peggy, and prepare her to answer, in case she should be asked about it; and, finally, how she gave her ten guineas, which Jenny threw upon the table with the air of a person conscious of unfulfilled honour.

To compleat the overthrow, Nanny stepped in with a new accusation. You know very well, says she, that you lay with James often enough when I lived here;



here ; but I should not have minded that of a farthing, if you had done nothing worse, for I hates to make mischief in families about such things ; and see and say nought is a servant's maxim. But you told master how Mr. Thomas Sutton wanted to corrupt your virtue, when you know, in your own conscience, it was quite a contrary thing ; and, seeing you could not gain your ends, you set master against him, and got him turned out of the house ; and this was a hundred times worse than lying with James.

Here Mrs. Betty assumed courage enough to tell Nanny that *she* had no right to be so pert and forward ; for she had acted like the best of friends to her, by turning her away when her virtue was at its last gasp. Nanny replied to this sarcasm. Betty rejoined. The matter was going fast into a war of tongues. Mr. Sutton was quite helpless. And the elements would have been all in confusion, if I had not taken upon me to appease the storm, by dismissing Nanny and Jenny into the kitchen.

Mrs. Betty having once found her tongue, grew quite eloquent in her own cause. It is true, she did not deny the principal fact, but she opposed to it twelve years faithful service ; how often  
had



Had he confessed she had saved his life over and over by her cares as a nurse; and, in short, says she, sobbing, you have had in me every thing you could have had in the dutifullest wife, except the expence.

By my soul, Miss Sutton, I thought this an unanswerable argument. Mr. Sutton thought nothing of any argument at all. The poor gentleman was sorely buffeted by two contrary winds. That such a man as he should be made a dupe and a cuckold, by a couple of low wretches! But what should he do without Betty, his nurse, his handmaid, his habit, his second nature, the best half of his existence!

I thought it did not become a doctor to leave the mind of his patient exposed to such cruel contrarieties; therefore I made a long oration concerning human nature, and human frailties, and human benevolence; and, in short, said as much with as little in it to the purpose as Cicero himself could have done.

The sum of all was this; that as forgiveness of injuries was the most glorious attribute of man, I hoped to find it in my friend in its brightest lustre. But as there were certain decorums to be attended to in all civil societies, I did not see



see how it was possible for them to continue to live together, the matter being rather too public to admit of it; and, supposing it otherwise, the thing was of such a nature as would be perpetually engendering strife betwixt them, so that each would be happier apart. I therefore proposed that Mr. Sutton should settle a handsome annuity upon Mrs. Betty for life; and to Mrs. Betty I recommended it to marry James; in which case I should further propose to my good friend, to make them a present of a couple of hundred pounds to set them up in business.

Your uncle's mind, Miss Sutton, as you well know, is not formed of the most ductile materials; propositions of parting with money are not what it yields too most easily. I saw, by the manner in which these were received, that they would go down heavily, and therefore hinted to Mrs. Betty that she had better retire; and, if she pleased, consult with James about the last proposal.

When we were alone, Mr. Sutton began to abuse me liberally, the principal article of which was, my having taken liberties in his private affairs, which I had no right to do.

Now this was so exactly true, Miss Sutton,



Sutton, that my own impertinence had flashed in my face a thousand times. I had therefore nothing to do, but either take my hat and walk out in a huff; or wear the matter off by a civil and submissive demeanor. For reasons that did not respect myself, I chose the latter.

My apology was couched in these terms. That when I had first the honour of knowing him, I was called in at a very critical instant, when being given over by his old physician, his death was expected every hour. That by a happy exertion of some of the most dangerous powers of medicine, I had the good luck to save his life. In consequence of his sense of this, a more intimate acquaintance had arisen betwixt us than is usual betwixt physicians and patients. That I had been in the habit of visiting him as a friend, which, if no longer agreeable, I must, though with regret, cease to do. That it was himself who had induced me to take any share in this transaction, by appealing to me in his little dispute with Miss Sutton; and, if I had taken more than was agreeable, I was sorry; and was only justified by my intention of doing him pleasure and service.

Well, well doctor, says he, I like your  
 VOL. II. B friend-



friendship and acquaintance very well; by my soul I do; but what the plague need you have been so damn'd liberal? What sum might be in your head when you proposed a *handsome* annuity?

I had fifty pounds a year in my head, Mr. Sutton.

The devil you had! What a bountiful reward of vice!

By no means. I would reward only the laudable part of her conduct; the bad will *reward* itself. But, my good Sir, you must give me leave to say, that in this affair, punishment does not belong to you.

Why? how so? is not it I that am wronged?

Granted. But come, my friend, you cropt the rose, and should not resent being pricked by the thorns.

Why I had the —————, and so—Damn it doctor—I'll leave every thing to you—.

By my faith, maister Sutton, then you will be very much in the wrong; there is a much properer person to share your cares and councils. Your niece.

I must beg leave, Miss Sutton, to suppress the remainder of our discourse on this subject. You possess a certain quality, which will make the repetition painful to you.

It



It will be sufficient to inform you that I am now here by your uncle's desire, to enquire how far it will be agreeable to you to take care of his house, and of himself. For he very justly considers himself as the most troublesome part of the business.

I believe, Sir, the disposition I have to love him as my uncle, I may say as my father, for I am deprived of my parents, will make the task easy to me. All I can say, is, if my uncle will accept of my duty, it shall not be the fault of my will, if I do not render myself agreeable.

'Tis answered like Miss Sutton. I am confident he will be a happier and a better man by your society. When may he expect you? He is impatient enough to wish it as early as possible.

To-morrow morning then. And please doctor to accept my most grateful thanks for the friendly ———.

Gude troth, and he put on all the Scotchman, gude troth, shall I not. Gin ye liken what I ha' done, I'se na be put off wi' sic a like empty meed. I canna' think mysell paid according to my merit without a kifs, and I will exact the payment now.

And so he did, brother, but in such



a manner, I declare I could not be offended.

And so, doctor, you use the Scotch dialect when you are merry, and leave it off when you are serious?

The observation is just, miss; but as I am more disposed to laugh, than be grave, few besides yourself have found it out.

The doctor was so kind to meet me at my uncle's at the appointed hour, and I was received with more kindness than I thought my uncle could assume. He expressed much pleasure at my readiness to come to him, and swore ten times the first hour he would have no other heir.

And vary right too, maister Sutton, says the doctor. For though the law o' the land, and the law of equity, happen, in this case, to agree in favour o' your nephew, who g'in report ga true is every way worthy of the inheritance, yet he could na' himsell reasonably grumble to be superseded by sic a pretty girl; and the lord chancellor himsell would ha' nothing to reprehend, 'gin he did na' tie the band o' justice so strait about his eyes that he could see na' mair than a mill-post.

I fancy, doctor, says my uncle, you was educated on the top of some mountain, where the wind blows too ways at once. Zounds! you have missed your pro-



profession. You should have been bred to the law, man; you would have made a rare serjeant Puzzle. Prithee, Nancy, is he of thy side, or thy brother's?

Of mine, Sir, if he pleads in my brother's favour.

Riddle me, riddle me, ree. Says my uncle.

Yes, in troth, says the doctor; 'tis in the free-mason way; a sign of the order, which none but a brother can understand.

I understand neither of ye, says my uncle.

We'el, we'el, you mun wait till ye are initiated; and ye wull ha' one of the vary best instructors in your niece, 'gin she can impart her science of feeling.

Feeling? A plague of your fine understandings. But, niece, I want your opinion about Betty's annuity. Here James and she were married this very morning, and the doctor persuaded me to give 'em two hundred pounds, and now he wants me to settle fifty pounds a year on the b---h for life. I think twenty quite enough.

Perhaps, uncle, it may be enough for her to receive, though it will not for you to give. Rewards of this sort are generally proportioned to the giver's for-



tune; and *I* have reason to believe my dear uncle can, when he pleases, be as generous as any man.

Ay gude troth, maister Sutton is one o' the best natured men in the world, 'gin he did na' tak sich muckle pains to conceal it.

Pox on you, doctor, you never speak but you need an interpreter. Well, let the b---h have forty then, but I'll be d----d before I'll give her a farthing more. So this affair was settled.

Out of my brother's bounty I gave Jenny ten guineas, that she might be no loser by honesty, and the same sum to Nanny, whom I keep with me as upper servant. This girl, brother, has so lively a zeal for your service, that I suspect Mrs. Betty's sarcasm, concerning expiring virtue, might not be wholly without foundation. But in this good town, no one now, I perceive, affixes the idea of criminality to male incontinence. All the guilt, and all the burthen of repentance, fall upon the poor women. Such are the determinations of men. Adieu———dear brother,

Your affectionate,

ANN SUTTON.

Mr.



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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to his Sister.*

London.

**T**HANK thee, Nancy. Few words are best, when all that are in the world cannot express a man's love, gratitude, and affection. The *dramatis personæ*, at my uncle's, are well disposed of. Though Mrs. Betty did make an attack upon my virtue; faults proceeding from tender love, you know, Nancy, are scarce punishable in the code of gallantry. As to Nanny Garton, sister, I am not sufficiently wicked for premeditated seduction; nor sufficiently virtuous, I doubt, to withstand temptation. I made free with her lips only; it is true, I did it in such a manner, that I "declare I believe she was not offended."

Doctor Gordon has acted a very friendly part. I esteem and respect him, but must confess myself something puzzled, to assign the motive of his taking my part of the question, concerning my uncle's inheritance. Whatever it is, I think it arises from a noble mind; yet the wisdom of it may be called in question. The same sweet affection that now reigns



between us, will exist, I trust, as cordially after the succession, let it fall to which it will; if you possess it, Nancy, I shall possess as much of it as I shall wish, or want; and can my sister believe a benefit conferred by herself, will not be more agreeable to me than by any other person living? My advice therefore is, that this matter be left to take its own course; for a head, like my uncle's, once put out of a right way, may possibly go wrong for ever after.

Cupid, Nancy, was a child two thousand years ago, and will be a child all the days of his life. One poet calls him blind, another wanton, another mischievous; and he has an undoubted right to these distinctions, and as many more, as folly can have different epithets.

Would you believe the little imp of a godhead, should have the power to overset the august Minerva in ninety-nine of an hundred of their contentions?

Mr. Stanley has a good deal of learning, some good sense, and genteel manners, when he is in the humour to shew them; but can neither conceal his pride, nor govern his tumultuary passions. On his arrival at Henneth, he declared himself a lover of Julia, by the customary form



form of asking her father's permission to address her.

Oh! attack her heart and welcome, replies Mr. Foston; but observe Mr. Stanley, unless you fairly win that, no other circumstance on earth will give the least support to your suit.

This attack, Miss Foston always parried with the greatest sweetness of denial, so long as it was made with mannerly decency; but when he changed the deportment of a gentleman, into a sullen demeanor, she grew more peremptory, and distinguished him in common behaviour, by a less portion of that sweet regard which she bestows upon all. He took it into his head too, that she distinguished Mr. John Cheslyn with a greater than that due portion, and by certain distant allusions, which my good humoured friend always overlooked, denoted that he considered himself as supplanted, treacherously supplanted, by this gentleman.

About a month since, the two rivals accompanied Mr. Foston in a ride to Carmarthen, where they were to sleep. After supper, all three indulged themselves with a chearful glass; perhaps something exceeded the strict and formal line of sobriety. Mr. Foston retired first; Mr. Cheslyn prepared to follow him,



when this, or a very similar dialogue passed betwixt them. You will know the speakers by the matter.

Stay, Chesslyn, we will positively finish the bottle.

I have drank already till the wine has lost its relish. But come, your toast.

Julia Foston.

With all my heart. To the first of women in beauty, grace, and virtue.

Yes, yes, it is evident she is the goddess of your idolatry. But is it honourable to supplant your friend?

Supplant! I don't understand you.

The flattering, insidious attentions you pay her, what do they all tend to?

To make myself agreeable. Every one has his own way of doing this. Yours is peculiar to yourself.

Yes, by G-d, Sir, I owe it to your friendship. But for your ill-timed visit, and insinuating manners, I should have been master of her hand and heart long ago.

I doubt it much.

You doubt it, Sir; I have at least as good pretensions as yourself.

If you have no better, your chance for success is small.

Curse your humility. But you admire Miss Foston? Extremely.

Love



Love her, perhaps?

Very much.

Then, Sir, I insist upon satisfaction.

I answer your questions, Stanley, and if that does not satisfy you, 'tis not my fault.

Rot your prevarication. But I will have the satisfaction of a gentleman to-morrow morning; so chuse your weapons.

The weapons of a gentleman, Stanley, are good sense, and politeness; never will I use any other against you if I can help it.

Perhaps you call by these fine names, the arts you have used with Julia, to the destruction of my hopes, but curse me if I forgive you.

I have neither done, nor intended, you any injury, Stanley; this childish talk I impute to wine and anger. Good night.

May I be d--n'd, Chesslyn, if you go off so. Meet me in the morning, or take your sword to-night; snatching up his own from the parlour window.

Neither. Once again good night.

Will nothing provoke you? throwing a glass of wine in his face. Take that then.

Take that then, replied Chesslyn, re-



turning him a box on the ear that made him stagger. His sword was out in a moment, and without reflecting, Mr. Cheslyn had none, he made a push at him.

Mr. Cheslyn caught up a chair, and by its interposition retreated to the window seat, where his sword lay, together with his riding cane. Not having time to draw the first, he was obliged to make the best defence he could with the latter. Indeed, in the science of defence, few gentlemen excel him. Stanley grew outrageous, and made a most furious lunge. Mr. Cheslyn turned it aside, and before he could recover, gave him so smart a blow upon the right elbow, that his sword fell out of his hand.

Mr. Cheslyn took it up. Your life is now in my power, Stanley, says he, and it is safe. Thank heaven, I am not so mad as you are.

The words were lost upon him. Not regarding his own safety, or the entrance of the landlord and a waiter, he flew to Mr. Cheslyn's sword, which he drew, and began to push as before.

The landlord inadvertently threw himself between them, and received Stanley's sword into his right side. Out again he ran, calling upon the tevil and St. Tavid,  
and



and bidding them kill one another and be tanned.

Stanley's frenzy now surpassed description. He made a most furious attack, but left himself so unguarded, that he gave Mr. Cheslyn an opportunity to pass his sword through his right shoulder; the point coming out under the blade bone. He dropt his sword, and reeled into a chair. This action was almost instantaneous, or would have been prevented by a number of people now entering the room.

Mr. Cheslyn sent out for the best surgeon immediately; and Mr. Foston, who had been alarmed by the chambermaid, thought a physician also necessary.

Stanley and the landlord were immediately put to bed, and their wounds dressed; the physician giving his opinion, that no danger arose to either patients by the wounds alone; but how temper and temperament might heighten the fever, could not then be judged of.

In the morning, the landlord, a gross man, was, by far, in the greatest danger of the two, so that they were under a necessity of giving bail to a magistrate for their appearance in case of his death.

They staid at Carmarthen three days, at the expiration of which, the physician thought



thought Mr. Stanley might be removed without danger.

The morning after their arrival at the castle, the first who met in the breakfast parlour, were Mr. Cheslyn and Miss Foston.

There was a tender languor, yet mingled with some severity, in her looks. Ah! Mr. Cheslyn, says she, could I ever have believed I should have heard your name sullied by the low indignity of a midnight brawl.

Pardon, Miss Foston, says he, a fault I had it not in my power to avoid.

Tell me, says she, ingenuously, was I, directly or indirectly, the cause of quarrel betwixt Stanley and you?

You was, Miss Foston.

Good heaven! what forward, what imprudent behaviour have I been guilty of that should subject me to such disgrace.

The boldest breath of calumny, Miss Foston, has never dared to touch your character, even in a whisper.

And you, Mr. Cheslyn, you! It is not altogether foreign to the character of Mr. Stanley to fall into absurd and unjustifiable actions to support what he is pleased to call his pretensions—But you! Good heavens! what could be your inducement? Have you pretensions too?

I have



I have not, Miss Foston. If I had, never should I have defended them with the rude licence you so justly condemn.

But, thus accused, punish me not with your displeasure, if I presume to say what truth and the occasion demand.

That I admire, esteem, and respect you, far beyond any individual of your sex, is true. It is true, I love you also, as far as love can exist in a breast, which never admitted the least ray of hope.

I never was romantic enough to look up to such excellence, connected also, as it is, with such high fortune. Honoured, as I am, by the friendship of your worthy father, I never aimed at more with regard to you, than some share of your esteem and friendship also. No hour, no moment of my life, has given way to an arrogance beyond this. Let me not, therefore, lie under an imputation, an unmerited imputation that will lessen me in the only thing respecting you, I dare aspire to; your good opinion. My want of merit is sufficiently known, sufficiently felt by myself, to need the increase of imaginary errors.

I am too little versed in the manners of mankind, Mr. Chesslyn, to determine whence such an excess, such a profusion of humility can arise.—But—no more of that.



that.—I esteem you, Sir, for the same good sense, and benevolence of heart, that attaches my father to you. If I have injured you now, impute it to the horror I have of being made the public talk on such an occasion.

Mr. Chesslyn kissed her hand in silence, for his heart was full. Just at this instant came in Mr. Foston, who saluted his daughter with his usual fervor of affection.

But what is the matter? says he, Chesslyn. Have you been making unsuccessful love to Julia, this morning?

I have had the misfortune, Sir, to incur Miss Foston's displeasure for the *rencontre* at Carmarthen.

How so, Julia?

I was the subject of their odious quarrel.

Odious! Julia? Why, it will make you the toast of Wales. No other accident could have given you half the celebrity.

You ought to return the gentlemen thanks; Stanley at least.

Chesslyn, I believe, has only a negative merit.

I am sorry Mr. Stanley is not in a condition to receive my thanks in a proper manner.

Proper



Proper manner! Julia, what may that be?

A profound acknowledgement of the obligation he has conferred, in raising me thus from obscurity; and a request that he will retire to the seat of his noble ancestors, lest the terror of his fell sword should deprive me of the advantages which ought to accrue.

There will be propriety in this, Julia, by-and-by; but what will you do with Cheslyn?

Nothing, papa; negative merit is no merit.

That is to say—Julia—

What? papa.

Nothing. Miss Foston blushed. But, Cheslyn, since Julia will not punish you, I must. Though you have never presumed to speak, you have had the insolence to wish.

For the which high crime and misdemeanor I do condemn you hence-forward, to speak to this lady like a man in love; that is, like a fool. Search the poets for epithets. Call her the blue eyed Pallas, or the ox-eyed Juno. Borrow the Cestus of Venus—.

Oh, papa! a minute before you came in, he had taken a still higher flight. I was all—excellence. Whereupon he renounced



nounced me for ever, in such a strain of deep humility, that it was quite lamentable to hear.

Mr. Cheslyn owned to me, Nancy, that he was perfectly confounded by this double raillery, and wholly incapable of speaking. Mr. Foston observed it, and said, with a smile, come Cheslyn, you have been punished enough. Let us be serious for a moment. You love Julia. I think I can depend upon my own silent observation for the proofs. Whether she has any aversion to you, I leave to your own disquisition. You have all the qualifications I wish for in a son-in-law, and one or two more perhaps. Get her to confess she loves you, and she is yours.

Lord have mercy, papa, says Julia, you fright me out of my wits. Confess! no—I shall never conform to any such papistical rites. Besides, I like your gentle authority better than—

Stop her mouth, Cheslyn, says Mr. Foston; beautiful lips are not always put in motion by the heart.

I declare, papa, says she, that you are quite—

With some confusion Mr. Cheslyn did dare to avail himself of Mr. Foston's commands. I must seek for help, says Julia, running out of the room.

Is



Is it possible, Sir, says Cheslyn, that you can be in earnest?

Ay, indeed is it, replies Mr. Foston.

Then, Sir, if I meet with no obstacle on the part of your amiable daughter, there does not exist on earth so happy a being as myself.

No, to be sure; except all the sons and daughters of Eve, in the same predicament.

Julia, mine! such exquisite happiness! says Cheslyn, turning pale, and reeling to a chair. Miss Foston re-entered with Laura.

Julia, your salts, says the mischievous old gentleman. I always thought the breath of virgins had been salutiferous; but it does not agree with all constitutions, I perceive.

Miss Foston, a little hurried, applied her salts really to Mr. Cheslyn's nostrils, whilst Laura, stroaking his face, poor thing, poor thing, says she; and so it has an antipathy to lip salve, has it?

*Selon la mode d'application*, replies Cheslyn, rising and kissing her outrageously.

Lord have mercy, says Laura, what ravenous beasts are men. Miss Stanley enters. Mr. Foston takes her gravely by the hand, and leading her up to Mr. Cheslyn; Miss Harriet Stanley, Sir. The  
same



same friendly office he performed for Miss Melton, Miss Caradoc, Miss Patty Price, who came in at this instant, accompanied by Sir Owen Caradoc, his son, Mr. Henry Chesslyn, and myself.

This is a religious ceremony, I suppose, says Mr. Henry; needful to be followed by all good Christians. I am no infidel, says one. I have faith, hope, and charity, says another. I thank my G-d I can kiss any thing, says the son of Sir Owen. It was the prettiest scene, Nancy — and the old gentleman enjoyed the confusion so heartily — but all things must have an end, and so must this chapter.

Adieu, my sister.

T. SUTTON.

*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

AND so you are at your soothsayings, my dear brother? and because I expressed a good opinion of doctor Gordon, it follows of course, that I love him. Love him! that is, think of him; think of him always; and always tenderly; become blind to his faults; enamoured of



of his perfections ; sigh when he is absent ; pine at his neglect ; and finally, die if he does not become as infatuated as myself. What an enchanting progress ? At present, brother, I am only in the first stage of it, and hope my Minerva will maintain her post a little more ably than you are pleased to say she generally does.

What a strange, higgledy piggledy thing of a letter is the last you honoured me with. Money produces love ; love produces jealousy ; jealousy begets fury ; fury begets eclairsissement ; and eclairsissement, kissing. A silly scene, brother ! And who is this Sir Owen Caradoc, and this Patty Price ?

In return I must inform you of the acts and conversation pieces done and performed at my uncle's fire-side ; very insipid it is true, but that your worship has an interest in them, something beyond that of mere entertainment.

I have at different times entertained my uncle and the doctor with the histories of Mr. Foston, and Mils Melton ; as also with the anecdotes concerning the Mr. Chesslyns. I found it was a grievous thing for my uncle to allow merit in a man who had been your friend ; your advocate ; and moreover, a man whose  
name



name was in the Gazette. And how should he allow merit in a man in those actions of generosity, which crossed his laudable design of teaching your worship humility? These actions, however, alarmed his pride, and probably produced some compunction; which, as is the nature of man, he endeavoured to throw off with all his might. No better way of doing this presented itself, than that of abusing you; and to the old subjects he added that of your accepting an employ unworthy of a gentleman. When he had run himself out of breath, for on this topic his eloquence is unusually rapid, the doctor assured him that he considered the thing in a vary right light; and that your behaviour had run directly counter to all the current modes of action.

There is scarcely, says he, a well bred young gentleman within the bills of mortality, who would not have anticipated Mrs. Betty's application.—To regret it, denotes a turn of mind altogether unfashionable and uncommon. Could he be supposed to have acted from a principle of chastity, even boys and girls would laugh at the extravagance of the idea. Did he consider her as a chosen vessel, consecrated to his uncle, his benefactor, bishops



bishops and archbishops would join in the laugh; for it is the church, maister Sutton, the church, that ought to direct private consciences; and, since that had no hand in the consecration, you know, the young gentleman's conscience might have slept itself to death, and not a priest have pulled it by the nose. And then to have accepted a stewardship for bread! Wrong, very wrong indeed! as if all the modes of a gentleman's living upon nothing were exhausted! And it is the mark of a very liberal mind in you, maister Sutton, to get over the early prejudices of education, and rate the plodding arts of industry, as other people of fashion and fortune generally do.

I wish, doctor, says my uncle, you would but talk a little common sense, for the devil a syllable of it is there in all the peramblement you have been making.

Common sense, Sir, replies the doctor, is a shy lady, not apt to come at every bodies call. Such as I have, I give you freely, and I wish it was more to your liking.

Besides the enormities already mentioned, you say he was extravagant; addicted to lying out of nights; wore fine cloaths; and to crown all, that he had the impudence to ask you for six hundred pounds,



pounds, to carry away the lord knows whither, where it was unlikely you should ever see it again, or him either; and then, as you justly observe, who would have thanked you.

I dare say, Maister Sutton, you have, from mere tenderneſs to the young gentleman, ſuppreſſed the particular circumſtances that prove theſe charges. A man of your underſtanding would never have credited theſe things, merely from the report of a ſervant maid. You muſt have had ocular proofs, or other demonſtration. The conſequence of extravagance is debt; the conſequence of debt is a gaol; from which no doubt you have ſaved him many a time. As often muſt you have redeemed him from the round houſe, the effect of raking out of nights; and then, I ſuppoſe, your file is full of taylor's bills.

Now as to the fix hundred pounds, nothing in the world can be juſter than your reaſons for not parting with it. And yet you ſee what unaccountable heads ſome people have. This Mr. Cheſlyn now, almoſt a ſtranger, bound by no propinquity, goes and does this ſilly thing, with twice as many reaſons againſt it as an uncle could poſſibly have; and no earthly motive to induce him, except the exploded ones of friendſhip and generoſity.

My



My uncle began to look very glum. The doctor, who seems to know his temper exactly, adroitly changed the subject, and, after making us merry with the relation of an hundred comical stories, left us in high good humour.

The next morning, at breakfast, my uncle, of his own accord, began the subject of the preceding night. Od rabbit, that rattle sculled fellow of a doctor, says he, one never knows what he would be at. He sets out with telling me I am right, and then blunders out some nonsense or another to shew me I am wrong. He is a sensible fellow too, that I must needs say, if he would but talk plain English, and has always behaved to me in a very friendly way.

I have a notion he thinks I have treated Tom too harshly; and sometimes, Nancy, I can hardly help thinking so myself.

To be sure I have only Betty's word for it—a d—d b—h. Howsoever I have a right to do what I will with my own, and I like thee best, Nancy, and thou shalt be my heiress; though, mayhap, I may leave Tom a legacy.

I ventured a remonstrance here, and concluded with assuring my uncle that the restoration of my brother to his good opinion, and the natural consequence of it,



would make me happier than any disposition of his wealth in my favour.

Rabbit it, says my uncle.

By the by, he seems in complaisance to me to have given up, except when he is angry, the ruder execrations, and confines himself to these comfit-makers oaths, as Shakespeare calls them.

My uncle was silent for some hours, nor did he renew the subject till the doctor's next visit, which was not till the following night.

If you would but talk sense now, doctor, says he, I should like to have a bit more conversation with you about Tom.

I believe I have been to blame.

Enough, Sir, says the doctor; the mind of a man of sense may be led astray by an unfortunate bias, but is sure to return to itself when left to its own reflections. I know very well, Sir, what you will do, by-and-by, though at present, perhaps, you will feel some repugnance. You will restore the young gentleman to your favour, and to the hopes of your fortune. You will recall him to live with you, at least as much as his engagements will permit. And you will suffer yourself to be made happy by his dutiful behaviour, and the tender assiduity of your lovely niece. Your health will be amended by it, and perhaps



perhaps restored. Your life will be prolonged. And whatsoever you may say on the first proposing it, I know the rectitude of your honest heart so well, that I assure you, upon the word of a doctor, you will never find yourself in perfect content and tranquility, till you have done it.

It will be unnecessary, brother, to repeat to you the whole of the doctor's discourse; but it was so soothing, so gentle, and so sensible withal, that my uncle cried like a child, and I am sure I shed the most pleasing tears I ever shed in my life.

At length my uncle sobbing, cried, say no more, doctor, say no more. It shall be as you have said. But one condition I will have, and if you won't join me in that, you may hang yourself; I'll have no more to say to you. Nancy shall have ten thousand pound; she shall, by G-d.

Was it my business to remonstrate, brother? and could the doctor do it decently? Whatsoever was said, however, was said in vain. My uncle persisted, and swore all the world should not turn him. He has ordered me to write you these circumstances; and further, that now all things are settled, he is impatient to see you, (for he did love the dog, that he must say) and hopes your engagements



will not prevent your general residence at his house.

I hope too, that you will fly to the embraces of your happy sister,

ANN SUTTON.

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*Dr. Gordon to Mr. Sutton.*

London.

S I R,

THERE are, amongst your countrymen, who say, that when a Scotchman speaks truth to serve any body but himself, he must be possessed of *singular merit*; and also, that he is never unprovided with a *quantum sufficit* of impudence to make the most of it. Whatsoever you may be able to allow of the former quality, you will not dispute the latter, when I inform you that there is an impertinent fellow of that country, who is ready to besiege you, on your arrival in town, and will pretend a claim to your friendship; who pretends also to the surly honesty attributed sometimes to his countrymen; in consequence of which, he advertises you that he is, with all his might, endeavouring to steal the affections of your amiable sister;



sister; and that it is incumbent upon you to hasten and prevent the waste and embezzlement of so rich a treasure. I make my court to you by two pleas that would undo me with the generality of mankind; but you are the brother of Miss Sutton, in elevation of mind as well as in propinquity of blood; and, I am, alas! a poor Scotch physician, very desirous of being as much more and better as possible, and in particular of being your friend.

WM. GORDON.

*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to Mr. Thomas Sutton.*

Henneth.

**I** Remember, my dear Tom, your affliction at parting with your friends, and your request of knowing how matters went on amongst us. *Imprimis*, all mortal men, at least all mortal men in love, are addicted to talk of themselves; I obey the propensity. My amour with my adored Miss Melton, is precisely where it was; I still press her to marry, and still she pleads against it, with such earnest and pity moving sincerity, that I am forced to give up the point.



What would you do with me, says she? People marry to be happy. I cannot be so at present. How is it possible, with the horrid idea, for ever before my eyes, of my father, buried with his vessel, at the bottom of the ocean. The wreck of my fortune afflicts but little, compared with this, yet it is most humiliating. Still more humiliating is the remembrance of the situation from whence you took me. Give me time to render these ideas more supportable. I repeat it again, I love you. I have no other hope, no other comfort on earth. But I cannot bear to be a wife. I cannot bear to poison the happiness of the man I love.

Thus you see, my dear Tom, a tender melancholy mixes with our love; and yet how sweet it is!

My happy brother's love is widely different. He goes on, stealing gently into the soul of Julia, by the small endearing attentions. He has not yet the exquisite felicity of hearing her say, I love; for Julia is happy, and at full leisure to attend to those respectable prejudices of form and decorum, which society has established. The unhappy, like Miss Melton, think little of these refinements.

But though my brother is not yet arrived, at this voluptuous moment he  
has



has the satisfaction to see, it is not a delay of the heart.

And Tom loved Laura, passing well,  
And Laura, she loved mutton;  
What else she loved, she would not tell,  
But 'twas not thee, Tom Sutton.

Poets, no more than other people though, are obliged to credit their own fictions. Thou art a most unhappy fellow, for thou hast neither money nor blood; the only passable commodities in the Stanley family. Laura, I consider not as a branch of this stipes, but as a slip. She laughs at all human prejudices, and at most human actions; but alas! Tom, she laughs also at love and thee.

Harriet laughs at nothing. How often have we pitied this tender maid, whom even the pride of birth could not exempt from the pangs of unrequitted love; how oft has this pity passed from the tender maid, to the tender maid's own brother, stricken with a similar dart. We might have spared our commiseration. Happy beings! Their affections were transferrable; and well have they transferred them. The son and daughter of Sir Owen Caradoc, were made for the daughter and son of Sir Richard Stanley.



No menstruum in nature can dissolve the cement that binds their hearts together. It is an extract of gold, whose power is heightened by the essence of two goodly genealogical trees; one deduced from the great Caractacus; the other from—faith I know not—one of the sons of Noah I suppose.

This fantastical science was long the reproach of Wales; but now, thanks to the good sense of the ancient Britons, it is here as throughout England, a singularity.

Your avocations permitted you to see but little of these children of their father. You would be astonished if I should give you the whole length and breadth of their terrible accomplishments. The son is an eminent member of the Antiquarian society; the lovely daughter is monstrously enamoured of virtue; she minces snails to multiply the breed, kills cats in an air-pump, and generates eels in vinegar.

Yesterday, nearly our whole society were enjoying the cool air of the evening on the terrace. In the beautiful hanging pastures beneath, amongst other quadrupeds, was your little roan mare, employed, as females sometimes are, in attending to the love of an ass. This animal was in love *à la folie*; had broke through three  
several



several barriers, and was eager to reap the fruits of his bold enterprize. To the philosophic eye, all things are equal. Miss Caradoc was first struck with the view, and drawing Julia and Laura to the wall, see! says she. Julia, blushing rosy red, withdrew her arm, and walked gently on. Laura, in a few seconds, followed, and, bursting into a laugh, see! cries she. Fie, Laura, says Miss Foston, walking on. Brother, says the contemplative Miss Caradoc, you have constantly asserted, that copulation betwixt animals of different species, is unnatural, and always committed by a rape of the female. See the contrary. Miss Melton and Mrs. Tyrrel turned across the area. Harriet followed something unwillingly.

Sister, says this solemn blocked, the naturalists have not considered an ass and a mare so much of different species, as differing in specie. If you can comprehend this distinction, you will observe that my assertion is not in the least invalidated by what you now see.

A learned dispute followed betwixt these two originals, in which the whole science of generation was discussed. The brother maintained the egg system; the sister, Lewenhoeek's. They ended at last with



an enquiry into the political cause of circumcision.

Besides the *novelty* of hearing these things from the mouth of a woman, we were extreamly amused by the superficiality displayed on both sides. Equally ill-informed, the sister speaks with great gravity and sense of importance; the brother is solemn and pedantic. The old baronet applauds himself, for having given his children so very proper an education.

To-morrow, thank heaven! they retire to the seat of their progenitors, having given a general invitation to the company, which Mr. Stanley and Harriet only have accepted.

This gentleman *has* condescended to make an apology to my brother for his behaviour at Carmarthen; and has almost hinted a resolution to decline his suit. Miss Caradoc I hope will confirm it.

How like you the doctor? Tell of London to thy friend,

HENRY CHESLYN.



Mr.



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*Mr. Sutton to Mr. Henry Cheslyn.*

London.

**H**OW comes it to pass, dear Cheslyn, that we are perpetually combating prejudices, to which, notwithstanding, we always yield? In your relation of the terrace airing, you have contrived to render weakness respectable, and strength of mind, or at least what would deserve that name, if accompanied with judgment, ridiculous. Why should women be excluded knowledge, which so very much concerns them, or denied the communication of it? Will reason for ever be at war with our feelings?

How strongly this question reproaches me, with my own peculiar folly. I love Laura. I have, as you say, neither money nor blood. Nor have I a shadow of hope, so often called the food of love; and yet I love her. Nor can I give a reason for the faith that is in me, save this only, that I cannot help it. Once, the sorrows of Werter appeared to me *outrè*, such as, contradicting reason and common sense, *from* their beginning.

The man, thought I, began like a fool,



and ended like a madman. And all, because — he could not help it. How silly !

But now, my dear friend, I feel the full force of this respectable reason ; and find gentle pity, a more agreeable emotion, than cool consideration. My uncle is cordially my uncle ; my sister is tender, attentive, and affectionate ; the doctor is friendly, and capable of “creating laughter under the ribs of death ;” and yet I steal from them all three times an hour, to kiss a cambric handkerchief, which Laura wore, and I pilfered. And all, because I can’t help it.

Tell you of London ! I am in admirable disposition for this. Oh ! I shall paint it as lovers paint their mistresses.

Wealth is no longer attended as formerly, by pride, luxury, parade, and contempt of poverty. Poverty is no longer the running footman of distress. Parsons detest pluralities, and live upon faith, hope, and charity. Lawyers plead — for the right only. Lords pay their tradesmen, and only run into debt — at hazard. Ladies spin, make raiments of needlework, and are always to be found at home.

Chastity hath established her empire over all. The court is the temple of public



public virtue; and lying is an abomination.

Witness my hand,

THOMAS SUTTON.

*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to Mr. Thomas Sutton.*

Henneth.

**A**L A S, poor Tom! a madman, sensible of his wanderings, is a hapless object indeed. Alas, poor Tom! I will talk to thee, however, as to a man who has some lucid intervals; and lest the magic of these five letters, L, A, U, R, A, should bring on a fit, I will take particular care how I combine them.

After the departure of the descendants of the great Caractacus, we spent four days in such intolerable happiness, that it was judged necessary for some of us to seek abroad for a counterballance. The lot, I will not tell you by what means, fell upon Julia and L—. Pshaw! Julia's friend; Mr. Foston and my brother.

They did Sir Owen Caradoc the honour to suppose that what they professed to seek, might be found in his domain. They found it on their road. They were to dine  
at



at a considerable village called Llan-Llwth. The house had only one large parlour, of which they obtained one end, the other being occupied by a meeting of creditors, who were to examine the accounts, &c. of Hugh Griffiths, a celebrated shoemaker of the village. Debts were produced against him to the amount of eight hundred and sixty pounds. Credits and valuation of all his effects to four hundred and ninety. His exasperated creditors accused him of extravagant living. With the most submissive demeanor possible, he confessed the charge. They accused him of mispending his time, and not paying proper attention to his business. He confessed it. They demanded the reason of his falling into these habits. He burst into tears. This was the only question to which they could gain no satisfactory answer.

They threatened him with a prison. He replied, but without the least air of insolence, that he was in their hands; they must use him as they thought proper. He was ready to resign into their hands the last sixpence of his property; if more was in his power he would do it.

They dismissed him, and after some contention, because two of the principal creditors were absent, agreed to meet again on the morrow.

Our



Our travellers dined, and as Mr. Foston's penchant is more towards benevolence, than genealogy, he prevailed with the ladies to proceed on their journey under my brother's escort, and leave him to see the result of next day's meeting.

Julia wanted first to pay a visit to Mrs. Griffiths.

Leave it to me, Julia, says her father; I conjecture, from certain circumstances, this woman is not a Mrs. Williams.

One of the creditors was a farmer of the village, a man of good character, and tolerably opulent; and who appeared inclined to favour the poor shoemaker whilst his enquiry was on foot.

Mr. Foston sent to desire his company for the evening. He came; and as it appeared from his general account, that Mr. Griffith's present situation arose more from weakness than any worse quality, Mr. Foston was desirous to hear his tale from his own mouth. He was accordingly sent for, and encouraged by a promise of assistance and a few glasses of good liquor gave the following account of himself.

### *Story of* HUGH GRIFFITHS.

MY father and grandfather lived and died the shoemakers of this village. They  
were



were honest plain men, content with earning their livelihoods from day to day, without troubling themselves about bettering their condition. I might have been happier by following their example. My father bred me up with little scholarship, and a great habit of industry. When I succeeded to his business, it was just extensive enough to employ myself a journeyman and an apprentice.

In a few years I had six hands besides myself, and made shoes for exportation. I saved money apace, and could accuse myself of no extravagance, except spending a groat every Saturday night at this house. At this full time of my prosperity, it happened, that Mr. Evans the rector of our parish died. He was a good man, but rather extravagant; for though it was thought that his income amounted to sixty pounds a year and upwards, and his wife being dead, he had only two daughters to keep, yet he died in debt; his goods were taken in execution, and the wenches turned adrift.

The poor creatures went, as it were, by house-row amongst us for some time, and being industrious good sort of girls, it came into my head, that if I married one, she might save her own keep, by good management, for my family was large.  
So



So I got a neighbour to propose the matter, and the match was made, and the eldest, Miss Letitia and I, were married, without any dilly dallying about love and courtship, and such things. Well! I brought my wife and her sister home to my own house, which was new furbished up for the occasion, for I had got it new white washed, and the parlour grate new set, and twelve new Cæsars in frames, which cost me fourteen shillings. Letty was very well pleased with every thing, and we lived two years and an half in the comfortablest manner in the world, in which time my wife brought me a girl, and then miscarried; which had like to have cost her her life, and since then she has bred no more.

About this time, it happened that a very substantial farmer of our village died, leaving behind him a son and a daughter, and about a hundred pound a year freehold estate.

He had brought the son up a surgeon and apothecary, who not having set up any where, thought the business might answer very well here, with the addition of his estate, which was only incumbered with seven hundred pounds for his sister's fortune. She was soon after married to the new rector, and every thing went very well;



well ; and by and by the apothecary married a bit of a fortune too. Letty was acquainted with both the brides, and there was a good deal of visiting amongst them. The two brides had been school-fellows at a boarding-school at Carmarthen, and the surgeon had been at London ; so having seen a good deal of high life, they vied with one another about their fineries.

I can't say that I much liked their acquaintance, or the tea drinkings which came often about ; but Letty assured me that the expence of this was so trifling as not to be worth notice ; and indeed I should not have minded it much, if they had not turned up their noses at my wife's tea equipage, and the furniture of the parlour, and the white washed wall. Above all, at the brick floor.

One day the parson's lady happened to take her afternoon tea with Letty, and the next was seized with a cold and fore throat, which she laid point blank to the charge of my poor brick floor ; whereupon my wife and sister never left teasing and quarrelling with me till I gave consent to have the parlour boarded.

When this was done, there was such a manifest incongruity as my sister called it, betwixt a boarded floor and a white-washed wall, that it was———all one, says my  
wife,



wife, as if you was to put this laced edging round a blue lindsey woolsey apron.

I was a long time deaf to the proposal of a wainscot, as well as to other alterations, and when teased, grew furly. Against this humour my wife opposed fulkiness, and my sister railling. All would not do. At length, whether by advice of counsel I know not, they wholly changed this mode of behaviour. It was now, my dear husband, and my dear brother, what signifies doing things by halves? and did they ask for any thing but what every genteel tradesman had? And how is it possible, my dear, to keep genteel company, and not to do as they do? but you can keep out of their company, can't you? but, my dear, one might as well be out of the world, as not live in it as other people do; and you know that low company never does nobody no good. Besides, I wonder how Mrs. Price is any better than us. If she is a parson's wife, we are a parson's daughters. And what signifies being sneaking and niggardly, and hoarding and scraping for one does not know who, and never enjoying life.

A succession of these eloquent harangues produced a wainscot, a set of new china, and



and a kitchen, and twelve new prints from London finely framed and glazed, in the room of my twelve Cæsars.

After these concessions, I expected peace, and I was as far from it as ever. One grant only produced a wish for another. Nobody that had the least pretensions to genteel life could put up with oak chairs and tables, and such vulgar furniture. And my wife and sister assured me I was the genteelest tradesman in all those parts, and since I kept better sort of company, I was really grown polite, and very much of a gentleman.

I believe it cost the dear creatures near a twelvemonth to make me conceive I was a genteel tradesman, and very much of a gentleman. But after they had persuaded me to wear nothing but the best broad cloth, and fine linnen; and to have my hats from London always of the fashionable cock, I began to come myself into the same notion. And when my dear wife and sister had worked me two tam-bour waistcoats of the very same pattern as Mr. Price's, the surgeon, I was convinced of it.

After this, every thing was easy. My oak chairs and tables were all changed to mahogany; my little windows into  
 panes;



ashes; and a fine pier glass was hung opposite to the fire-place, which reflected my tambour waistcoats to admiration.

Well, Sir, I had now got the prettiest parlour in town, but the mischief did not stop here. This good companyship had spread itself three miles round. Not a week passed without two or three parties at home, and two or three parties abroad. This laid me under the necessity of buying a horse, and building a stable to put him in. In winter time too, the nights being dark and roads bad, our agreeable guests would do us the favour to sleep with us.

Now, so much of a gentleman as I was, could not, with any propriety, lay his guests, except in papered rooms; and as to the curtains and hangings, good comfortable stuff, got up by the industrious hand of my respectable mother, the very idea of them was suffocating. All things therefore, above, as well as below, underwent a thorough reform. Even my poor kitchen garden, productive of great plenty of the best peas, beans, cabbage, &c. was now condemned to exotics, as they called them, flowering shrubs, and flowery clumps.

The candle was now lighted at both ends, and burned very fast indeed. Extravagant



travagant expences, loss of time, and neglect of business, soon brought me into great familiarity with duns. My credit declined. Raw materials, worse paid for, were worse in quality, and it was beyond my abilities, of a piece of bad leather to make a good shoe. My business fell off. Even my wife's genteel friends deserted my shop, though they thought proper to keep up the acquaintance.

I saw the approaching ruin. I remonstrated with Letty. She was convinced. We wept our errors in each other's arms; determined upon plans of retrenchment, and went on as usual. One alteration, indeed, happened for the better. My sister-in-law, seeing our affairs wear a serious aspect, began to look out for herself, and had the good luck to obtain the place of Miss Caradoc's woman.

At length, no longer able to bear the horror of my situation, and the perpetual images of debts, duns, and a jail; I took the resolution to accelerate my ruin, by confessing my real situation to this gentleman, who has always been my friend. The consequence is what you have seen to day.

You have told your story, says Mr. Foston, in so ingenuous a manner, that I give you credit for every syllable of it.

It



It is, indeed, only a copy of the original sin. Eve eat the apple; and then gave it to the man, and he did eat. Both repented; but both were punished notwithstanding.

What sum, Mr. Griffiths, would reinstate your affairs?

Reinstate, Sir! to be reinstated as I was, is only to be ruined over again. If you want to make me miserable, make me rich. If happy, give me a cobbler's stall. In short, Sir, neither Letty nor I ought ever to be trusted again with a house that has any thing like a parlour belonging to it, or better furniture than a three footed stool.

I know, Sir, the reason why you have so kindly heard my tale, for I know what motives must influence the benefactor of Mrs. Williams; but money, at present, would be thrown away upon me. In order to recover my former self, I must eat the bread of poverty, and earn it by labour.

Well, Mr. Griffiths, your friend here, and I, will talk this matter over, and we will either do you substantial service or none at all. Go home to your Letty. She is penitent you say. Then you will never reproach her. Console her with the hope of comfortable days. Those, at least I dare promise her, unless she renders them other-



otherwise by the worst use she can make of her memory.

God blefs you, Sir, and may prov—ov—  
—ov—vi—Good night Mr. Griffiths.

And now, Mr. Goddard, I fhall be obliged to you to let me know what kind of a woman your neighbour's wife is.

A very clean, neat, decent, good humoured woman, Sir, with something lefs than the ufual fhare of understanding which God has generally given to the fex.

You are fatirical, Mr. Goddard. Does it appear to you that women are generally inferior to men in understanding?

You puzzle me, Sir. No, much upon a level, I think; only vanity being their principal foible, it leads them, commonly, into what I fhould call fillineffes. Men, under the fame circumftances become vicious.

Are you of opinion this woman is capable of applying herfelf to habits of induftry, and renouncing her old friends, without too much regretting their lofs?

No depending upon the ftrength of a woman's mind for this, Sir.

Prejudice, Mr. Goddard. But I will tell you in few words what I wifh to be done. Vindictive minds prefer the gratification of revenge fometimes, to money; and, it is not impoffible but fome fpirits  
of



of this kind, may be found amongst the creditors.

The cry of these will be, a jail, a jail; and their plea will be, that the man ought to be punished for wasting so much of their money before he discovered his circumstances. If any contention of this kind comes on to-morrow, I suppose it would be quashed, by saying, a friend of Mr. Griffiths engages, provided the whole body of creditors will come in, chuse trustees, and sell all the effects without delay, to make up whatsoever these effects fall short of fifteen shillings in the pound.

If this is accepted, I shall then be obliged to you to buy the house, with a moderate proportion of the old plain furniture. When you are in possession, pull up the floor and wainscot, and restore the brick and the white washed wall, by no means forgetting the twelve Cæsars. I dare say you will have no mercy upon the exotics, and the flowery clumps, and that you will agree with me, no remnant of finery ought to remain.

When these things are done, I will make Mr. Griffiths a present of the said house and furniture, and I will entrust him with the sum of one hundred pounds, interest free, for five years.

I have a notion that not Hercules him-  
 VOL. II. D self



self would have feared another poisoned shirt, more than honest Hugh will a tam-bour waistcoat, and cocked hats, together with every thing else that lifts its head above the homely; and that he will *prevail* upon his wife, one way or other, to think in the same manner; or, at least, to act as if she did.

Should this be the case, I hope the man's firm obstinacy may be of use to others who may feel difficulties, arising from the same cause, and two or three good examples may do some good in the neighbourhood, though by no means so much as two or three bad ones may do harm.

Faith, Sir, replies Mr. Goddard, I shall be glad to see a reformation in the neighbourhood for my own sake; but I must confess, I expect it sooner from some secret circumstances now operating, more than from my friend Hugh's example. In short, Sir, the parson's wife's fortune is drawing towards its conclusion; the surgeon's estate is woefully dipped; and there are terrible arrears of rent. However, I shall obey your commands; and hope I shall always consider it as an addition to my happiness, to have been the agent of benevolence.

What would you have more, Mr. Tom?  
they



they settled the rest of their contrivances, and then bid one another farewell, as I do thee.

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*Mr. Thomas Sutton to Mr. Henry Cheslyn.*

London.

**L**AST night I entertained my uncle, my sister, and the doctor, with the tale of Hugh Griffiths; and afterwards we entertained each other with commentaries. My uncle was pleased to consider me something in the light of an offender in the tambour waistcoat way, and exulted egregiously. My pretty little sister ventured a few gentle sentences by way of excuse, and related to us sundry mortifications she had undergone in the country, by having the presumption to visit genteel tradesmen's wives or daughters, in dresses either not costly enough for their dignity, or whereof the fashion was become obsolete. And, indeed, says she, I constantly found the respect paid me was in proportion to these circumstances.

I took a wider ground, and expatiated upon the utility of fashions in a commercial



cial view; and of the deference we ought to pay to the general opinions of mankind; alledging what I have read in some good novel or other, that singularity is always a mark of something being wrong in the head or the heart. It was a most eloquent harangue, and silenced my uncle pretty effectually.

The doctor assured me that I considered the thing in a vary right light; a certain indication, that he is preparing an attack. Supposing, says he, that ten thousand families yearly, a trifle in this opulent kingdom, should chance to ruin themselves, what is that to the benefit accruing? five hundred clothiers and jewellers, and taylor, and mantua-makers, and barbers, are quite at the ease by it, and fifty thousand of his majesty's loyal artificers, have consumed double the usual quantity of gin, and punch, and ale, by which the price of barley is raised, and the revenues increased.

Take a court calendar in your hand, and peruse the respectable thirteen lists of commissioners of bankruptcy, appointed for this good town alone; consider the number necessary in the kingdom at large; and think what would become of these good people, if the Gazette should cease its numerous notifications.

But,



But, doctor, do you ascribe the great number of bankruptcies to the prevalence of fashion alone?

No, I am not so unreasonable; nine in ten only. High living, and all the arts of dissipation, are fashion, you know, and I believe I am within compass.

In faith, it is incredible how much we owe to this presiding goddess. We owe that easy and delightful transfer of property, daily made by the auctioneers of this metropolis; of pictures, pagods, mandarins, and old China, which we, of the middle rank, should be excluded the possession of, by original purchase. We owe to her, those charming repositories of coaches, berlins, vis-à-vis, hounds, and hunters, kept by the celebrated Mr. Tatterfall, and others. We owe that still greater benefit, a complete plenitude of the King's Bench, Fleet, and Marshalsea.

We owe ——— but I should make this letter a book, if I should enumerate all the doctor's owings; I shall never, says he, do sufficient justice to this liberal patronness of commerce and virtue; one benefit more, of inestimable value, I must remark.

The laws of England, blind to the happiness of mankind, prohibit a few actions, which have a tendency to injure others;



78 MOUNT HENNETH.

and in all those which are usually called indifferent, leave every man to do, what seemeth good unto him. But, as to govern one's self, is found to be the most difficult of possible things, the lady fashion steps in to free us from this intolerable thralldom; kindly eases us of the wisdom we know not how to use, and gives to all the freedom of becoming the mutual fool of all.

About eight months since, I was called in to a patient, who lodged in a garret up three pair of stairs, at a green grocer's. The room, and its furniture, were exceedingly poor, but embellished with half a hundred little ornaments — in taste.

There was a certain incongruity in the whole which made me take more than ordinary notice. On one peg was hung a hat, fiercely cocked in front, the two hind corners extending an inch or two more or less than a yard. On another a half worn flouch, of the last fashion, covered with dust. A third, supported a genteel loose great coat, made *à-la-mode*, of no shape at all, but adorned with glittering yellow buttons, and a red velvet collar. A gold headed cane, six feet high, had got stuck up in a corner. On the chimney piece, amongst mackaws, and China josses, of the Worcester manufactory, lay a gold repeater,



peater, and a pamphlet, The London Jester. The chairs were furnished with a green coat, buttoned with the newest pattern from the Soho; silk stockings; and embroidered waistcoats.

My patient himself, exhibited a face with scarcely the vestige of a human feature. The hair, indeed, bore marks of having been dressed *à la merveille*, but the size of the head was beyond all proportion, being inordinately swelled by taking a mercurial preparation without proper caution. I prescribed and took my leave. The nurse followed me to the door, just to inform me that the young gentleman was quite out of cash at present; but that I need not be in the least afraid of my money, for my patient was a clerk in the Sun-fire-office, had a salary of sixty pounds a year, and would certainly pay me when the next quarter was up. Physicians make it a rule to pocket the fee when they can get it, and be quiet when they can get none. My patient was in his office about the eighth day, but the quarter is yet unexpired.

If, continues the doctor, fashion was to exert her influence only on coxcombs like this, I would be dumb about the matter. So I should be if it was confined to people of fortune. But property, or no property, all are swallowed up in the vortex.



The first care of a young tradesman, or of a young tradesman's wife, is, though their stocks are bought upon credit, to put themselves into a condition to give genteel entertainments. A genteel entertainment cannot be given without a superb service of plate. And a superb service of plate would be incongruous without the due accompaniment of every new and costly piece of furniture, the ingenuity of the age can devise. Fashion thus adopted, slides into, and mingles with the general conduct of life.

Few days pass, but I am gratified with some of her agreeable productions. Some debtor dragged to prison. Some writ of goods in execution. Some ruined widow, or children destitute of subsistence, who might have possessed fortunes, had the father possessed prudence. Some pitiable calamity tears from me, in spite of the avarice, and unfeeling nerves of a Scotchman, all that I got from those that have yet something left to give.

In short, a perpetual review of scenes, like these, disgust me with my business, and sometimes make me weary of my existence.

So concluded the doctor's philippic, and so I conclude my epistle.

T. SUTTON.

*Mr.*



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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to Mr. Thomas Sutton.*

Henneth.

**W**E are taxed, as poor Richard says, pretty much by government, more by neglect of industry, but most of all by our follies; but these follies are very dear to us. The doctor's philippic will be little regarded by those who defend fashion, because they love it, or by those who feel its advantages; and leaves undecided the general question, whether the good or the evil be predominant.

Such heads as thine and mine, Tom, are ill calculated to determine these high points, so let us silently join the crowd, and make no bustle about the matter.

I suppose you may expect to hear some particulars of the reception and entertainment of our travellers at Sir Owen Caradoc's. Sir, it was great, august, and solemn. Rude mirth and boisterous laughter were excluded. Magnificence was all in all. The knight is great in arms, and mighty in his armour.

The first shines forth in an ample book, wherein the or, the argent, the gules, the ermine, and the azure, were displayed in rich emblazonry.

D 5

These



These splendid coats were supported by the noblest beasts of the field, and crested by the most sublime of the inhabitants of air.

This book, rich as it was, yielded, to a fair and superb aggregation of parchment, containing the lineage of this august house, ascending, descending, and collateral. Of this constellation of heroes and heroines many were consigned to canvas; and the knight rose above himself in eloquence and dignity, when he rehearsed their honours to his admiring auditors. This scene of grandeur was properly terminated by a visit to the great armory, where all the suits, worn by the most illustrious of these heroes, were ranged along the wall in due and orderly progression. This spear had the honour to bear to the ground, three famous French knights, at the tournaments held in the court of our third Edward. This, more illustrious still, overthrew a Turkish officer, aiming a blow at Richard Cœur de Lion, at the instant he was unhorsing the mighty Saladin.

Lord bless us, says Laura!

If this is not to your taste, Mr. Tom, give me leave to conduct you to the hall of philosophy, over which presides the lovely Miss Caradoc. Here you are entertained with puppets dancing in water,  
electric



electric shocks, and the humours of a magic lantern. Phosphoric letters shine upon the darkened wall, and living vipers crawl upon the cieling. All the philosophic sorcery was performed, which Ozanam taught, and Hooper compiled. I am enchanted, says Laura, it is so pretty an amusement for ladies.

The son of Sir Owen took his turn to reign. His domain is called the hall of Archæology. Here alone you find something solid and sensible. The young gentleman has ransacked Wales for Roman antiquities; and has a good collection of medals of which he makes a proper historic use. But lest from these and other circumstances which smell of common sense, you might suspect him of degeneracy, he proves himself the son of his father by about twenty tons of urns, and vases; fragments of pavement, Pateras, Capedos; Simpula and lutini.

Here it was, in this very hall of Archæology, that Mr. Stanley took Mr. Foston aside, and formally withdrew his suit and service from Miss Foston; his renunciation was graciously accepted.

The third morning our visitors took leave, intending to dine as before, at Llan-Llwth; again they had the misfortune to find the house crouded by a justice meeting.



meeting. The ladies therefore dined by themselves in a chamber, and the gentlemen, as is usual, with the justices.

The cloth was scarce drawn, when there entered a constable, guarding a fellow in a tattered sailor's habit, wanting his left leg and his right arm. A farmer came as his accuser.

Early in the morning, the man had been found in the farmer's field, devouring turnips with the rapacity of a tiger; and had moreover stuffed ten more into his wallet, because, as the fellow said, he found they were very good ones.

Who are you, says the justice?

A poor soldier, please your worship, and a piece of a sailor.

Where do you come from? where are you going?

From America. To my parish near Ruabon.

What induced you to steal?

Hunger.

Do you know, Sir, that hunger is no justification of theft?

No, please your worship, except to those that are hungry.

You are saucy, Sir, I shall order you to be whipt.

For eating turnips, says the fellow.

Hark you, friend, says the other justice,  
mildly



mildly. Your offence is small, but still it is an offence; and you aggravate it by this air of pertness to a gentleman who at this time represents his majesty's person. This is always punishable.

God bless your worship, says the fellow. It is true I was going to be sawcy, very sawcy. I have been nine years serving my country in America; I lost my arm there, and my leg in a battle at sea. I am returning home to my parish without a penny in my purse, have had the misfortune to feel the keen pangs of hunger, and am going to be whipt for eating turnips.

I would help being angry if I could; but I own it makes me mad when I think of having been in fifteen engagements, shot through and through, and come home poor and penniless, to be whipt for eating turnips.

Some manly tears fell from the poor fellow's eyes as he said this.

Well, go your ways, says the milder justice; we remit your punishment; take care how you offend again.

You are too mild, brother, says the examining justice, the fellow ought to be whipt for his insolence, and by your leave I must have him chastised.

Do it if you dare, says my brother, fire flashing from his eyes. Dare Sir? Dare, repeated



repeated my brother ; I am in the commission of the peace as well as yourself, and shall think it meritorious to punish so glaring an act of inhumanity, if you dare commit it. You mistake your office, Sir. It is your duty to consider the living spirit, not the dead letter of the law. This, pointing to the farmer, this is the true object of your reprehension ; this rascal, whose unfeeling heart is dead to human kindness.

You are to blame, Chesslyn, says Mr. Foston, you forget, in your anger, that you insult the seat of justice. But let this go no further. Will you, gentlemen, do me the favour to release the culprit at my request ?

Most willingly, Sir ; says the humane justice. Certainly, at your *request*, Mr. Foston, says the other.

I understand the emphasis, replies my brother ; I acknowledge I have been wrong, and beg your pardon ; rising to take him by the hand. He accepted it, and all was well. They parted. Take this half-crown, says Mr. Foston to the soldier, refresh yourself, and come this evening, if you can get so far, to Henneth castle. It is not two miles out of your road.

God bless your honour, I will come, sure enough.

The



The next morning he was sent for into the breakfast parlour. Sit down, says Mr. Foston, and give us some account of your wars; you seem to have had warm work, and must have experienced great hardships.

I have had bad luck to be sure, Sir; but others have had worse. I can't complain of any thing extraordinary. To be sure every man's life is of consequence to himself, but I doubt there is nothing in mine that will give either ladies or gentlemen any amusement.

Let us hear it, however.

### *The Soldier's* S T O R Y.

I WAS born in a little village near Ruabon, the eldest of eight children of a very honest labourer. It was not to be supposed we could riot in dainties, but thanks to my father's industry, we had always a good barley loaf, and potatoes to eat, and sometimes had a feast of boiled horse beans. One dry summer the potatoe crop failed, and the winter was frosty. Work was scarce, and, before spring, our principal diet was grains. I was then about eleven years old, and a very thinking lad, for I concluded I could eat with pigs all the world over. So I set out one April morning to seek my fortune. Shoes  
and



and stockings, as I never had any, I did not want. For the rest of my rigging, it was still strong enough to hold together in spite of the wind. In this beginning of my travels I met with the same mixture of good and evil that I have done all my life through, sometimes a bit of victuals, and sometimes a beating.

At last I came to a village in Staffordshire, where they wanted a lad like myself to tend the sheep upon the common. My pay for this service was a three-penny loaf a day, clear water when I could get it, and a sweet straw bed at night. I took care not to forfeit these blessings by idleness ; and, at the end of summer, my diligence was rewarded by being taken into the house of a farmer as a plough-boy. Here I enjoyed the luxury of bacon broth, and a good coal fire ; accordingly I bound myself 'prentice for seven years. This term being expired I set up for myself, that is, I became a labourer for daily pay ; and being a handy lad at a job, in two years I got money enough to buy me a good Sunday suit of cloaths, and a silver watch.

Go where we will, we always see pride of heart keep company with prosperity ; and pride of the flesh, with youth and a full belly. There was, in the village, a pretty and exceedingly goodnatured young woman,



woman, who did me the honour to chuse me out of several young men of the place, to be the father of her child. The justice said I must pay two shillings a week out of my wages; but being a partnership affair, I thought I ought not to pay the whole expence, and so I moved to another village on the borders of Needwood forest, where I was obliged to lie concealed. Here I spent my ready money, and got acquainted with two young fellows, who, now and then, made free with the king's deer. One very fine night they prevailed upon me to accompany them, and, I must confess, I did aid and assist to kill a fat doe, which, as we were carrying off, we were met by two well armed keepers. My companions who new consequences, threw down the doe, and scampered different ways, and I run myself headlong into a furze bush of extraordinary magnitude. Here I lay as round as a ball, and though it was a cold night, had as fine a perspiration as could be desired. Notwithstanding this, when I heard first one gun go off, and then another, if I had been any thing of a scholar, I would willingly have changed places with the bishop of St. Asaphs. However, the danger ran away, and with the first dawn I ran after it;



it; not, by any means, to the town I had left, but to my former village, determined to encounter the terrors of matrimony itself, rather than look another fat doe in the face.

The parish officers did me the favour to congratulate me on my safe arrival, and for the greater honour, carried me before a justice, who gave me the choice to marry or pay. If my mistress had been hard favoured and a termagant, I would have taken her; but I did not find I had merit sufficient to entitle me to so pretty, gentle, and kind a creature.

The next spring our parish had to chuse a militia man, and our directors managed so skilfully, that the lot fell upon me.

After I had been three or four times embodied, had learnt to march to common and triple time, to wheel to the right, to the left, to form the van, the centre, and the rear, I thought such eminent qualifications should be exerted in the service of my country, and so I listed amongst the regulars. It was not long before I was sent to America, where a great deal of victuals being to be got for a little labour, I was quite transported. This easy state lasted but a short time on account of the grumbings that arose about tea and taxation, a whole ship load of which these moody devils



vils tost into Boston harbour. So we were called from our cantonments to keep 'em quiet, and then they grew madder than ever. At last we came to blows, and then farewell peace and pudding. I had the honour to be one of the number that went to visit them at Bunker's Hill, where, I protest, they kept me in as pretty a sweat, as that I had at the forest, and at last gave me a dose that kept me quiet, till our winter's expedition to Halifax.

We had our revenge the next year at Long Island, and the White Plains, and faith we carried the world before us till the middle of winter, when we found the air of several places, Trenton especially, not agreeable to our constitutions. In one of the skirmishes, hereabout, I got shot over again, and taken prisoner into the bargain.

By good luck, they quarrelled a long time about our exchanges, and so I had a quiet life, and good living.

As soon as I was exchanged I was ordered for Quebec, and found myself one of that distinguished band who were destined to explore their way, like crocodiles, by land and water, through two or three hundred leagues of barren land. Though a cold country, I don't remember we were ever starved for want of work; or in any danger from repletion. We were attended  
by



by whole nations of copper-coloured gentry, who made most delightful bonfires all along the road. It was an unfortunate day indeed, which did not furnish them with a house to burn, and a family to cut up. Our general, I believe, did what he could to restrain them, but without ripping, and rapine, they did not seem to enjoy life at all. As we came nearer the end of our journey our scouting parties began to find plenty of employment. Skirmishes were almost as frequent as dinners. In one of these where we had come to close quarters, I had the luck to be well pinked and flashed; and having retreated as long as I could run, at length I laid me down quietly to die like a hero. I had not the least doubt of being dead, when a smart pain on the top of my forehead opened my eyes in an instant; and what should they behold but a young Iroquois gentleman, about twelve years old, busily employed in learning to scalp. I seized the young dog by the throat with my left hand, for I had no use of my right, and should have squeezed his soul out, if his cries had not brought two of our own female plunderers to his assistance. By their help I was got back to camp, where the surgeon dressed my wounds, and the next morning, to save time, sawed off my arm, and seared the stump.



stump. This was the most lively sensation I had ever experienced, but then it was glorious, and soldiers should be content.

This accident deprived me of the honour of meeting general Gates, who, after he had settled a few matters with our general, sent a small party to visit us at our fort. We did not understand ceremony, so left them to entertain themselves, and marched back to Quebec. As we were very quiet, I should have had a pleasant winter, but that I found salt pork and the air of Canada not good for new ill cured wounds. I was often sorry the young Iroquois whelp had awakened me; however, I weathered it out till the sailing of the homeward bound fleet, in which I was sent to England in order to be discharged. I was dreaming of nothing but the sweets of a pension, and a sunny bank, when, the ships having been scattered by a storm, a Virginian cruizer stumbled upon ours, and very politely conducted us to Williamsburg. They treated us very well here, we had plenty of fresh provisions, and some money when we chose to earn it. I liked the country so well that I began to care but little about old England, and towards the spring, actually hired myself in a tobacco plantation; and by this, I am told, I lost my claim to  
a pen-



a pension. My employment was to whip the negroes, which it was possible to perform with one arm, but, after a month's trial, mine was found too weak for the purpose, and I was discharged. I rambled all over Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina, hoping, that in so vast a space, I might find some one employment or other, where I might get my bread with one hand. But it would not do; there was some awkwardness or imperfection in the performance of every thing I attempted; and this want of success, and the flies that tormented me, and the snakes that frightened me out of my senses, made me weary of the finest country I had seen, and turned my desires again to old England. At last I reached Charles-Town, where several vessels were loading for France. I thought if I could get thither, I could find my way into Holland, and thence to my own country. So I offered to work my passage to Havre. They laughed at me, and I was forced to thrash one of the sailors for it, before they would believe I was good for any thing. At last I was received on board, and a fine voyage we had, till we got along-side the Portugal coast, and came within reach of the guns of an English privateer, whom we wanted to deceive with English colours, but that would  
not



not do. Some of their men came on board us, and some of ours on board the privateer, where we were kept under hatches. It is true I told them my story from beginning to end, and so often, that at last they began to believe me, and I had hopes of freedom, and becoming once more an Englishman. A little accident happened that brought this about sooner than I expected; for off Cape Finisterre our vessel engaged an American, who gave us a warm reception, and I verily believe would have beat us, if she had not been heavily laden. As we wanted more hands I was released, and bestirred myself as well as I could. After four glasses the American struck, and we sent off a boat to take possession, but instead of that, it came back in the dark, and brought a lady and several ———. Good God! says Miss Melton, sinking gently upon Julia's bosom. She recovered upon the application of a smelling bottle, and faintly asked the name of the captain who commanded the privateer. Captain Suthall, says the astonished sailor. And what became of the American vessel, says she? It went to the bottom. She sunk again. Such is the effect of sudden recognition of sad events upon tender minds. However, I have the satisfaction to acquaint thee that the new im-



impression wore off by degrees, and Miss Melton was not worse than before.

For the rest of the adventures of honest John Morgan, the sailor, they consist in his taking on in another privateer for half pay; in an engagement with a French privateer, and having his left leg shot off. Lastly, in his travels towards Ruabon, and in a comfortable settlement, for life, in Henneth castle, the chosen abode of love, friendship, and benevolence.

I am, dear Tom, thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

*Mr. Thomas Sutton to Mr. Henry Cheslyn.*

London.

**I** HAVE a tale of the doctor's to tell thee, Harry, in which I am so much interested, that I cannot wait the next post, though I doubt not it will bring me a letter from my punctual friend.

There is, says the doctor, an honest ho-  
sier in High Holborn, who has put his  
wife under my care for a chronic disorder.

As I go, at all hours, I had sometimes  
caught a view of a gentleman, who has  
boarded there some little time, a man of  
agree-



agreeable aspect, but of a wan complexion, and, as appeared, of settled melancholy.

A few mornings since I found the good woman in tears, which, on enquiry, seemed to proceed from a little mixture of distress and gratitude. My husband, I thank God, says she, is in tolerable circumstances, and in a thriving business; but being disappointed yesterday of a sum, could not answer a fifty pound bill, which was due this morning. He was expostulating with the banker's clerk, and begging three days only, but was answered, the custom in these cases was so strict, that he was obliged to protest and return it, by that post.

The gentleman, our lodger, came through during this parley, and, hearing the circumstances, coolly drew a fifty pound bank note from his pocket book, and putting it into my husband's hand, without saying a word, withdrew to his own apartment.

Knowing he could repay it in three days, my good man gave it the banker's clerk, and then went to the gentleman to thank him for the loan, with a promissory note in his hand. The gentleman took the note and tore it to pieces, at the same time, waving his hand for my husband to go out of the room. Poor creature! he never



cares to speak. He has been with us now almost a month, and, in all that time, not one acquaintance has ever come to him. Where he eats we know not; for at home he never touches bit or sup. He goes out every morning, and seldom returns till night; and then throws himself into an arm chair, and you may hear him so sob and sigh. Sometimes he leaves a handkerchief upon his pillow, wet through and through with tears. And we hear him walking about his room, every now and then, in the middle of the night, without a bit of fire or candle. I have sometimes asked him to supper or to a glass of wine; come, says I, it will do you good, do let us have your company. The very asking of him seemed always to make him uneasy. Poor creature! something sits heavy on him, and he looks so forlorn.

The good woman told me a multitude of little woeful particulars of the same kind, which made me desirous to know and relieve this unhappy man. But what pretence could I frame to introduce myself. The more I thought of the matter the less I was able to come to any conclusion; I determined, therefore, to walk into his room, and trust to circumstances and my own effrontery for a proper introduction.

I opened the door without his perceiv-  
ing



ing me. He was sitting in an elbow chair, and was intently contemplative of a miniature picture, which he held in his hand, whilst tears followed each other down the most dejectedly pensive, though venerable, countenance I ever beheld.

I moved forward, and accosted him with a bow, which he rose and returned with a sad politeness. My business, Sir, says I, is of that delicate nature, that I find it almost impossible to enter upon it. I must trust to your candour to impute this intrusion to its true cause. I am a man, and you are unhappy. If you know the world, it will be difficult to convince you that to lessen your afflictions is my only motive for this impertinence.

I confess it appears extraordinary. You are a Scotchman I perceive; of what profession pray?

I am a physician.

And you are come as such to offer me your assistance.

I do. Maladies of the mind may be prescribed for, as well as those for the body.

Doctor, I confess I am sick at heart. Medicine I know has friendly powers. One way, at least, it may operate to my relief.

Humanity has powers more friendly still, could you confide in its prescriptions.



You have an open countenance I own ; but the science of physiognomy is too fallacious for human dependance.

If you can be rendered more unhappy by treachery, your distrust is prudent ; if you cannot, you run no risque.

It is hard to say, when misery has reached its summit.

Yet I have lost my all, property excepted, the least of all. Parental and conjugal affinities, all are lost. My country, friendship, society, all are gone. My sons fell by violence ; their tender mother of a broken heart. My daughter, the last, sole comfort of my declining years, I lost by an accident, that appears almost fabulous in the relation. I am ignorant whether she is yet in being, or, if in being, whether she does not suffer all the evils of poverty, or dishonour.

The affecting manner with which all this was spoke, says the doctor, forced some tokens of sensibility from me, in spite of myself.

If the relation thus affects you, says the stranger, how must the actual sufferance me ?

Your sorrows, says I, are undoubtedly great. I do not blame you for feeling them, but you are wrong in feeding upon them only. Mrs. Wilkins, with a heart pierced with gratitude for your generous  
beha-



behaviour this morning, has described to me your manner of life. It appears calculated to nourish and increase your sorrows.

I am in search of my daughter, and have no clue to guide me, but that of going wherever I see women. I walk about all day, and satisfy my hunger at some coffee-house or cook's shop. I return home wearied in body and mind; and rest, if I am able. What would you have me do?

By no means, what you now do; it will infallibly destroy you. Permit yourself to be amused.

You do amuse me, doctor; your character seems a singular one. I never was averse to society. Yours will possibly give me as much pleasure as I am now capable of receiving. But I cannot be amused with prate. This is the cause why I chuse to be silent to the people of the house.

Let me persuade you to rest to day, and admit me to visit you in the evening. Tomorrow I will contrive to walk abroad with you several hours. You know not what pleasure you will give the grateful Mrs. Wilkins, if you will dine with her to day.

I will, I will, doctor. I will do as you would have me; you soften me strangely. Kindness to an absolute stranger is so uncommon. But I must treat you as a physician, pulling out his purse.



When I find myself more inclined to be your physician than your friend, I will take your fee. Adieu.

Though, continues the doctor, Mr. Harris spoke little that evening or the following day, it was easy to see he had great knowledge of mankind, and a most liberal and manly way of thinking. If he betrayed any enthusiasm it was on the subject of liberty. It was pleasing to see, after we had communicated notions on this and other topics, by what insensible degrees his reserve wore away. Last night he accosted me thus :

The only comfort I have tasted since I came, Doctor Gordon, into this island, has been in your society. Your behaviour has been humane and generous. I should ill repay it by keeping you in ignorance of the danger you run by my acquaintance. I am one of those unhappy people whom your parliament have voted rebels. An American, born in Rhode Island. More than this, I have been active in the cause of my country, and should be obnoxious to your government, if discovered.

Are you, interrupted I, acting here under any powers conferred upon you by your country ?

I am not. I detest treachery, and can never condescend to the office of a spy.

Then



Then you have nothing to fear.

I don't know that. It is true, that disgusted with some of our precipitate proceedings, and piqued at some particular ill usage; but above all, not being able to bear a place which incessantly put me in mind of the loss of two most amiable youths, and the consequent death of their mother, I sold part of my property, and, abandoning the rest, left my country. But I chose France, not England, for my refuge; and in my passage, our vessel fought one of your privateers, with all the rage of an inveterate enemy.

By this fatal engagement I lost my daughter. The circumstance is singular. Our captain and nearly half the crew were killed; and, by my consent, for the vessel was my own; the lieutenant, a Mr. Panton, struck the flag. It was evening and dusk when an officer and men came from the privateer to take possession. The first thing they heard on board was a confused clamour, that the ship was sinking. The wary officer went into the hold and saw with his own eyes that it filled above the power of the pumps. He retreated with all his men to the boat, took in a few of ours, and first of all, from a principle of gallantry, my daughter. I ran to the cabin to secure a few valuable papers, and



hastening to the boat, was going to step in, when I was pulled back by Panton. At the same instant an alarm was raised that we were going down, and the boat to avoid danger rowed away to the vessel, and left us to the care of providence. All this was a well conducted stratagem of Panton's, to whom it was a sensible mortification that my daughter was gone; which happened only in consequence of his being obliged, after the English officer had left the hold, to take measures for replugging the hole in the vessel's side, which he himself had caused to be made, and setting the pumps effectually to work.

The preservation of the vessel would no doubt have been an agreeable event, had it not been attended with so fatal a circumstance.

A few hours after my arrival at Brest, I was taken ill of a fever, partly occasioned by anxiety, partly by a wound received in the engagement. I was long delirious and my life despaired of. When I recovered to recollection, I caused letters to be wrote by several merchants to their correspondents in Holland, stating the case, and requesting them to write to the principal English sea-ports, to enquire out the vessel with which we had a conflict, and to give every necessary assistance to my daughter



daughter if discovered. It is perfectly unaccountable that no intelligence should be obtained by this means. It served however to flatter my hopes for a while, and gave me spirits sufficient to sell my cargo, and procure payment of my bills of exchange.

The vessel I gave Mr. Panton, with a sum to refit it. He is probably cruizing at this hour on the English coast.

As soon as the spring came on, and my strength was tolerably restored, I set out for Helvoetsluys, determined to make a personal search throughout the English sea-ports. I embarked for Harwich, in the packet. The packet was taken and carried to Dunkirk. I was under the necessity of ascertaining myself, for which I was obliged to write to Brest. It was a month before I was released.

Afterwards I went to Amsterdam and came passenger in a Dutch ship to Southampton. I traversed all the ports on the South coast, I examined all the newspapers since the 29th of November, and made every possible enquiry that could be made without danger, by a person in my circumstances. Direct enquiries produced nothing. At length being one day at a coffee house at Plymouth in a box adjoining to one where a couple of young sea-



officers were drinking punch, Jack, says one of them, didst ever hear what Suthall did with his girl? What girl? replies the other.

Why, the girl he brought from the American vessel that he sunk some time last December.

I never heard a syllable of it before.

No! that's odd. He came into this port much shattered; and sent the lady to his wife at Deptford. I suppose his living there, and his being so very a scoundrel, that nobody takes notice of him, is the reason the affair has been so little talked of. This was his first cruize, and having no other prize but the girl, I suppose he had nothing to brag of. He refitted, went out again, and had tolerable success. His principal owners are Pemberton and Co. in New-street.

You may imagine, Tom, says the doctor———But first, Mr. Henry, let me say something to *your* imagination. I can guess its occupation when you begin to read. “By this engagement I lost my daughter.” I can guess what your transports will be when you come to the name of Suthall, by my own feelings at the time, but it would be the oddest tale that ever was told, if it was accompanied with our adjuncts. I have therefore chose to go strait  
on-



onwards, and will go on let the doctor *imagine* what he pleases.

It was easy after this, continues the gentleman, to get captain Suthall's true address. I posted to Depiford in disguise, for it would have been imprudent, on several accounts, to have shewn myself to my daughter abruptly. The captain was out on a cruize; and Mrs. Suthall, on the first mention of my child's name, flew into a most unseemly passion, called my girl a strumpet, and told me, to be successful, I must search the bawdy-houses. Oh, my dear doctor, what a stroke was this! More modesty, and greater purity of soul, never inhabited a virgin's breast. What may she not have suffered! I cannot hope to find her alive. Dishonour, if she met it, must have sunk her to an early grave.

The old gentleman, continues the doctor, left here the thread of his story, and overflowed with so many pathetic lamentations, that my conscience smote me for permitting such keen distress.

No more, my good friend, says I, of these deep incisions. Take to your wounded soul, the balsam of health and life. It is not the assumed name of Harris that can hide from all eyes, the father of Camitha Melton.

A picture that would exhibit the very



individual countenance of Mr. Melton at this instant, would sell for a thousand pounds.

He looked,——guess at it, Tom, for words can give the no idea. Joy, surprise, astonishment; a most eloquent dumbness.

I am happy, Sir, in being able to inform you, that your amiable daughter is safe in the bosom of friendship and honour. That her virtue, her well tried virtue, has endeared her to worth like her own. That nothing is wanting to her felicity but the knowledge that you exist; for the supposition that you are buried in the ocean destroys every growing comfort.

Mr. Melton started up, and threw himself into my arms with a cordial embrace.——Would to heaven I could teach it thy sister, Tom; from her, it would be worth a world.

The first words he spoke, were, leave me, leave me, Gordon, do not look upon the weakness of a father.

I love and reverence the weakness of a father, replied I, and am half as happy as yourself in being ———.

Ah! no, no, interrupted he; leave me, a few minutes, leave me.

I complied, and stayed away near half an hour.

What



What an age have you been absent, friend of my heart, says he; and what recompence is it possible to make you?

Oh, nothing! nothing! do I deserve any merit.

Ah! says he, undervalue, — depreciate as you please this exquisite service——  
But ——

Let us not talk of it at present; something infinitely more interesting waits your ear——when you are able to bear it.

Oh! I can bear any thing now.

How many animal bodies, continues the doctor, have I hacked and hewed in order to discover the pre-disposing and proximate causes of pleasure and pain. I discovered nothing; and am now content, since I cannot find out the causes within, to observe the operations within, and the causes without. You had made me so well acquainted with all the particulars of Miss Melton's story, that it was not difficult for me to strike the heart with strong emotions; softening the woe as much as possible.

He waits to consult you concerning the propriety of a man, in his circumstances, going down to Henneth. Eager to embrace his daughter, yet cautious of involving friends so dear to him.

This agreeable news I send express before I have seen Mr. Melton. It cannot  
be



be too soon, or too cautiously made known to his lovely daughter.

T. SUTTON.

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*Mr. Henry Chestlyn to Mr. Thomas Sutton.*

Henneth.

THE first hour I could spare from joy, I devote to thee, dear Tom; to the man who would, if he was able, send pleasure to his friends on the wings of the eagle.

The express reached us an hour before tea; and was circulated presently to all whom it concerned, except to her whom it concerned the most. We formed a little plan.

At tea comes into the room, seemingly something elevated, honest John the sailor. Please your honour, says he, I went to Cardigan to day with your honour's message, and stopt a bit to drink a can of grog with an old mess-mate; he was one of Suthall's sailors, and left him because he was a rogue.

So talking over our old concerns, Jack, says he, that was a consumed clever bite the American vessel hum'd us with, that  
we



we thought we had sent to the bottom nine and twentieth last November. She got safe into Brest next day, with the loss of twelve sailors and a wench.

We looked at one another like folks taken by surprize. I stole a glance at Camitha. I saw her bosom rise and fall, her colour change.

You sailors make it a pastime I suppose, says Mr. Foston, to hum one another. This was a hum of your mess-mates was it not? I thought so, please your honour, and so I told him; but he swore he was a prisoner in Brest three months after, and actually saw Mr. Melton, the owner, arm in arm with captain Panton, walk along the streets. And how they could hear no tale nor tidings of the young lady, though they had writ an hundred letters. And how sad the old gentleman was about it.

Inexpressible pleasure animated Miss Melton's features; a fadenning cloud succeeded; she dropt her head upon Julia's bosom; and, sighing, said it was too much to hope.

I thought so, says Laura; this is quite the way of your wise, sentimental, feeling people; never to believe their own happiness, till they can't help it. Julia always did the same thing at Boulogne. When  
letters



Letters from you, Sir, to Mr. Foston, did not arrive at the expected time, we began to spin our ifs and ands. By and by we could not eat, and then we could not sleep. If I ventured to hint at the great regularity of the posts from Muxadavad, and the certainty of sea carriage, she would beat me. I am sure I lavished such a fund of wisdom upon her, that it will be an age before I shall be able to recruit my stock; and all to no purpose. The fond grief of these sentimental folks has, I believe, the same fascination as noble blood. It bewitches, and your vulgar and unfeeling people wonder why.

If it will purchase an hour of hope and comfort to my dear Miss Melton, says I, I will fly through Holland, where I can procure passports to Brest——and——

Oh, yes! yes, says she, weeping plentifully, can you doubt it?

If I was a lover, says Laura, I would have a specimen of this same hope and comfort before I went; then I would seal the bargain, Julia, and away.

Let us leave this madcap, says Julia, taking Miss Melton's hand, and try the efficacy of our own fond grief, as she calls it. Come, Mrs. Tyrrel.

They brought her back in about two hours informed of every thing, charmingly



ingly serene, and her eyes almost swelled out of her head. How efficacious, says Laura.

I sit up to write, and am desired to send Mr. Foster's compliments to Mr. Melton; that he apprehends no danger, nor fears it; that he hopes to see him immediately; and under that hope has done a violence to Miss Melton's inclinations, who wanted to set out for London directly.

Adieu,

HENRY CHESLYN.

*Miss Melton to her Father.*

Henneth.

**O**H my dear, dear father! How is the remembrance of my deep rooted sorrow, lost in the excess of my present happiness! Joy is so new a sensation! I want to fly into my father's arms, but am restrained by the gentle force of the best of friends, who persuade me, I may delay my own felicity by missing you on the road. To embrace a father, restored from his watry grave, is now the fond idea, that occupies wholly the bosom of your ever dutiful and affectionate,

CAMITHA MELTON.



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*Thomas Sutton to Henry Cheslyn.*

London.

YES, my best friend ; my heart challenges the applause you give me. I would convey pleasure by the swiftest means ; I would convey pleasure *only* ; but such are the vicissitudes of human life, that I *must* convey the things that are, though I plant daggers in those bosoms, whence, if I could, every corrosive should be excluded.

Unhappy Miss Melton ! Nature has bestowed upon you, the finest powers of sensibility ; and fortune seems determined they shall not be bestowed in vain.

Mr. Melton is in prison. Informed against as an American spy by captain Suthall. The unhappy gentleman could not rest till he had drawn from Mrs. Suthall the name of the infamous Mrs. P—, which she became acquainted with in consequence of her husband's wound. From Mrs. P— he could gain no intelligence. Nothing, save insulting sarcasms on the virtue of his daughter, in terms which conveyed contrary ideas. She was deaf to prayers, to tears. But that is nothing. She was deaf  
to



to bribery. In the warmth of his pleading, he conjured her to pity the feelings of a father. No doubt she had him watched to his lodgings. Immediately she sent off a messenger to Suthall, who was that instant getting under sail for a cruize. He wrote to London, and our unfortunate friend was seized in the presence of doctor Gordon and myself, just as he had determined to set out for Henneth. Possibly we may be involved by this transaction; but that is little. Conscious of innocence, we visit, and will visit him, in the face of day; regretting only our want of consequence, which is too feeble with men of power to be able to give him the assistance his circumstances demand.

Adieu,

T. SUTTON.



Mr.



*Mr. Melton to his Daughter.*

London.

**M**Y Camitha, thou wilt be told a dreadful tale. Thou wilt be told thy father is in prison. Let not this bugbear phantom, for to me it is no more, rob thee of thy early joys. Save that for a time, it bars me from thy encircling arms, in comparison of the past, it scarce seems a misfortune.

They have seized my papers. They will find nothing there, but the afflictions of a father. Though I differ in political opinion from those who compose administration here, I know them to be sensible, I believe them to be humane. They will respect my sufferings, my sorrows. They will allow that political error, for they *must* call it error, has been sufficiently punished. My Camitha, once more I must assume the harsh despotic tone of a father, and *command* thee, on no account, to leave the arms of thy fostering friends. Take consolation to thy gentle bosom. Regard this trifle as it deserves. The smiling hours of peace and pleasure will again be ours. Soon thou wilt be pressed to the bosom of thy happy father,

WM. MELTON.



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*Mr. John Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**W**HAT an hypocritical rogue, and, please you, has nature, and my good mother, given me for a brother ! A fellow, dissolved in the soft lap of ease ; surrounded by the graces ; exhilarated by an Euphrosyne, edified by a Minerva, and beloved by a Venus ; pretend to envy us our sudden expedition, under pretence that we were going to plunge up to the chin in the wide ocean of benevolence ? forgetting what dirty puddles we must drink of, before we can taste its sweats.

But what have we been doing, thou asketh ?

Making adulations, Henry. Putting lord A and lord B in mind of their infinite wisdom and goodness ; and bedaubing clerks in office. Endeavouring to persuade folks in power, that to dismiss Mr. Melton without condition, is wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best ; whilst their heads run *per contra*, or renunciations of rebellion, oaths of allegiance, and a farrago of political nonsense, which, if thou couldst hear for half an hour, thou wouldst feel in what a heaven thou now art.

We



We run from it to a jail, as other people run from misery to happiness. My father delighteth in thy father, and the doctor delighteth us all. A jail therefore is become our lyceum, and the hours we spend there, our true hours of enjoyment.

Shall I, or shall I not, give thee a specimen of our symposiacs?

I will not, Harry; and for cause.

Tom Sutton beareth these our mandates, in which we enjoin thee to transfer thy proper person, hither; and consign the ladies and the things of the earth to his care. We pay thee the compliment of supposing thou art endued with a competent portion of household understanding, and some knowledge of the *lex mercatoria*; and mayest be capable of assisting us to agitate a curious question proposed by a certain lord in office, to Mr. Melton; Will you, to all intents and purposes, become for ever and ever a true British subject? To which, Mr. Melton answers, I have property in France which this public act would endanger. I have landed property in America, which, these troubles over, I may hope to recover. If my country returns under the dominion of Great Britain, I shall rejoice, and become a true and loyal subject. If I remain free, I shall hope to be permitted to return there

unmo-



unmolested. Here we stick. Your worship's sagacity, I suppose, will clearly perceive how much you may be interested in the decision of this question; for Mr. Melton is eager to take thee for a son-in-law, with all thy vanities; nay, is silly enough to glory in thee, from hearsay only. It behoveth thee, therefore, to sift this matter to the bottom with thy beloved, and as far as thy understanding reacheth, bring us the meal. I am ——— thy elder brother,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Mr. John Cheslyn to Miss Foston.*

London.

**Y**OUR most respectable father has, this very morning, enjoined me to write to you, as a penance for my sins. A penance, Julia! My pen, however, is not permitted to run its own course; it must, for a while at least, confine itself to the giving intelligence.

There is a firm kind of heroism in the mind of Mr. Melton, which will not permit him to yield to the demands of men in power here. Compliance he considers as a de-



a desertion of principle ; it is baseness ; it is slavery.

If ministry will permit him to sink silently into the condition of an English subject, his honour untainted, no force exerted, or employed, he will endeavour to conquer all other objections, and settle with us for life. At the same time he tells us humorously, that though his obligations to us are greater than words can express, he shall consider them all as balanced by this —— sacrifice.

Your country, says he, is ruined. To say nothing of the war, or suppose it successful, you are verging to destruction by the silent operation of finance. Your public virtue is gone, or resident only in an inconsiderable part of the middle ranks ; the head and tail of the fish——stink horribly.

As a friend, the best political wish I can bestow upon you, is that you may be undone with all convenient expedition. A lingering death is terrible. When the struggle is over you may again be happy ; for you *will* be poor, and *may* be wise.

Combating these opinions, and drawing pictures with a little more sun-shine, form an agreeable part of our amusement, if any thing can be amusement to a lov—pshaw.

My brother is gone to France by way  
of



of Holland, with full powers from Mr. Melton to gather into a heap about twelve thousand pounds, which lies scattered amongst the merchants of Brest, Nantes, and Bourdeaux. My gentle sister has nothing to fear on this account, procuring passports for the purposes of trade being a common matter. Till Mr. Melton has determined (for liberty of departure we could obtain for him to-morrow) this money is to be deposited in the Bank, at Amsterdam. Should his determination be to go, Miss Melton must go also. Too well I know the despotic power of love, not to feel, that my brother must forego his country, or his happiness. I love my brother; he is most worthy of it. I consult my own affections therefore, my own felicity, when I labour to untwist this gordian knot. Assist me, Julia. Your gentle influence, over Miss Melton, may do much; for though I know her inclinations are ours, it will not be amiss to strengthen the plea of the heart, by the reasoning powers of the mind. Your's are strong, Julia; too strong; when they are opposite to *my* wishes.

Miss Nancy Sutton is a most engaging girl. Her characteristic is sweet simplicity. Doctor Gordon is her slave. Yes, Julia, he makes the fourth of this class of human beings in our society. He has the



liberty of telling her so also. I, only I, am interdicted the use of those expressions the fond heart supplies so liberally. The common place language of love you have taught me to despise. But *all* it's language, Julia? Is it all, O sweet, O sweet, Ann Page? Is it enough, once to have said, I love, I love thee infinitely? My vocabulary, indeed, yields no richer expression, and you forbid me every poorer. Well then, Julia, I love thee infinitely.

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Amsterdam.

WITH a heart full of love, and a head, at this present writing, fit only to hang a hat upon, I am ordered by my elder-brother-ship to amuse him with an account of my travels. As I have all the dutiful dispositions in the world, Amsterdam, the capital of the United Provinces, is bounded on the north, by —; south, by —; east and west, by —; sends four members to parliament, and gives title of duke to the noble family of —. It has 508 streets.—After all, my  
most



most laborious researches into the present state of brick and mortar here, might serve only to draw your worship's nose out of the exact line in which nature has placed it; and then, what will Julia say? Already she laments the unaccountable bias which nature or fortune has given to both our heads, that whether we make love, or make mischief, tell a tale of murther, or of mother goose, it is all one way.

I have got my passports from the French ambassador, at the Hague to Paris. Mynheer Van Hogen here will receive your letters, and forward them to me at Nantes. Let them be long, and full of comfort.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*Mr. John Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**W**HEN thou returnest through Holland, Harry, learn to salt herrings, and pickle sturgeon; but for Dutch politics, and Dutch wisdom, leave them to their owners. If Dutch œconomy, indeed, will mingle with the *Parisian savoir*

F 2

*vivre;*



*vivre*; prithee smuggle as much as may be needful for family use.

Thy father was sunk under the force of one misfortune, the loss of his darling daughter. She recovered the trifling incidents of a prison, and lying at the mercy of his enemies, sit light as feathers: and now he is one of the merriest men alive?

He perceives, by the specimen, that he shall have a son indued with a fine taste for travelling description; and recommends it to thee, as thou journeyest through France, to look at its antiquities, and into the heads of the French *paysans et paysannes*, if it be only to tell what money they have in their pockets. This whimsical demand originates in a tale of witchcraft by Mr. Melton, which had like to have destroyed his generation. Suppose I lead to it by a brief summary of his family history. It is to no purpose, it is true, but I like to do things in a *brotherly* way.

His grandfather was an Englishman, and possessed of those three great requisites to happiness, a wife and money, and a friend. He lent his money to his friend, and lost them both; but, as a balance, he lost his wife into the bargain; for with this friend and this money she ran away into France. In those puritanical times, this was looked upon as a great wickedness;



ness; and because the land would not open and swallow them up, he would live no longer in it. With all his remaining wealth, therefore, and one son, he sought out a new world. In Rhode Island he bought a great deal of land for a very little money, and pursuing the beaten track of industry, in twenty years became a man of wealth and estimation; and, when he waxed old, he died. His son married a neighbour's daughter, who, by her brother's death, became an heiress. In due time, he died also, leaving one son, named William, exceeding rich, and, in matters of women, mighty delicate. William, thy father that is to be, took bad ways; he left Bunyan and Baxter, for Shakespear and Milton, and made several voyages in search of a wife.

The women of warm climates he found proud, lazy, luxurious, and very loving. Of cold, tolerably industrious, but egregiously stupid. At length, to reconcile all his difficulties and delicacies, he married a squaw. On the body of this squaw, he begot thy Camitha, and two boys, who fell by English bullets, in a very early stage of this war. This is a summary, Harry, and will admit only a few principal facts, not the manner and cause of their being performed. In consequence of this,



and some disgusts, he gathered together all his personalty, some in mercantile wares, and some in bills of exchange on Holland and France. He set all the land he could, but sold none; so that there remains some possibility, that which soever side gets the day, something may be saved from the rage of confiscation.

I call this only a bare possibility, for the Americans will confiscate, because he deserted their cause; and the English, because he did not.

Having begun, continued, and ended this family history in thy Dutch method, Harry, I pretend now that free egress and regress in the episode way, ought to be allowed me into every part of it.

In the latter days of thy great grandfather, the saints of Boston, whose fathers had fled from religious persecution here, fell as naturally into it as wolves eat lambs, and with the same kind of appetite. They had not only the honour of driving from amongst them all who were not saints, but of burning and drowning, every considerable quantity of the elect, when they became witches. The frenzy began as usual amongst the mob; crept amongst the better sort; and, at last, drew the magistracy into the vortex.

At a trial of this kind, Mr. Melton's  
father



father happened to be present. The culprit was a poor old man, who laboured under a complication of disorders. One witness swore that he had heard him talk to himself, and grind his teeth. Another, that he kept a great black cat. A third, that the old man talked very much about a broomstick, and riding in the air. A fourth, that the neighbours were all so afraid of him, that the women hid themselves, and their children, whenever he appeared. A fifth, that one day he caught him gathering dry sticks in one of his pieces of ground, where two calves were grazing. That having taken the sticks of him, and beat him with one, he stood still and groaned, and looked hard at one of the calves; and the very next day the said calf was taken badly, and died in three days. A good substantial farmer said that the old man called one morning, at his house, to beg a jug of milk; and milk being scant, his wife was cross, and refused him. That the old man went back again through a field of cows. That he stopped and looked at the said cows. That his wife being six months gone with child, miscarried the next day, and, within a week, he lost a favourite cow. There was no resisting such a croud of credible witnesses; the old man was condemned to be



burnt at the stake, and executed the next day, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob.

At this trial Mr. Melton's father was present, and being a man of good understanding, fell naturally into reflections concerning it. The more he thought, the more he doubted. The madness was so general, that he durst not mention these doubts even to his father.

At first they were confined wholly to the nature of the evidence, which appeared to him to prove nothing. As human reason is progressive, and infidelity an encroaching malady, he arrived, at length, at the astonishing boldness of calling in question, witchcraft itself. He digested his thoughts as he went along, but kept them secret. At length a poor neighbour, a very inoffensive deaf old woman, came into suspicion. The folly of it, applied to her, appeared to him who knew her so well, altogether glaring. He got himself appointed foreman of the jury, determined to distinguish himself by opposition, cost what it might. The evidences were similar to the other. And having examined a sufficient number, one of the judges asked the jury if they were satisfied. One or two cried out, yes.

Speak, says he, by your foreman. The foreman answered, yes, perfectly satisfied that



that there was no sort of proof of the prisoner's guilt. The court stared. The judges called for more evidence. There was plenty, but all of the same kind.

We are Englishmen, says the foreman; we boast of the forms of English law, but we adhere neither to the letter, nor the spirit. Too often has the evidence of suggestion taken away innocent lives. Nothing of which the prisoner has been accused, but might have happened had she been a thousand miles off, or the name of witchcraft never been heard.

It is not your business, says the judge, to dictate; consult, and give your verdict. The jury went out of court.

The eleven, who would without hesitation have brought in their verdict guilty, were satisfied with their foreman's reasons. They returned with a *not guilty*. The old woman was released, and the mob waited without, in order to try her over again, by throwing her into the sea. She was taken out a back way, and conveyed to Mr. Melton's house in Rhode island. To this sanctuary she was followed. His life, as well as hers, was threatened. Once the tumult rose so high as to set some out-buildings on fire. Mr. Melton claimed assistance from the officers of the militia, by whom the mob was at length dispersed.



A printing office had been lately set up at Boston. Mr. Melton caused a narrative to be printed of the number of the executions for witchcraft within twenty years. He shewed the futility of the evidence, and rising from small things to great, at length boldly denied witchcraft ever to have existed.

This unheard-of impiety procured his book the honour to be burnt by the common hangman. It run immediately thro' twelve editions. It was the subject of continual discourse at taverns and coffee-houses, and at length made its way with such evidence of truth, that the parsons durst no longer oppose it. Men's minds being thus disposed to reason, Mr. Melton made a bold attack upon the intolerant principles, which had driven away so great a number of useful citizens. This brought upon him a severe persecution, from which he was obliged to fly.

But the foundation was laid, and in three years time he had the satisfaction to find all the banished people recalled, and an universal toleration established by law.

The good effect appeared in a few years by the flourishing state of the colonies, both with regard to population and wealth. Ever after he lived a member of the house of representatives, and died, lamented and beloved.

Harry



Harry, no more complaints of my obliquity. I have produced thee an orderly tale, with a competent quantum of dullness.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Miss Foston to her Father.*

Henneth.

**O**H my dear papa! How cruelly altered, since your departure, is this beautiful abode! The trees, indeed, still grow, the shrubs and flowers still bloom; but they no longer impart the same agreeable sensations. This morning too, Laura and I were awaked by the horrid noise of cannon. We ran, half dressed, to the apartment of our only protector, and met at the door, Miss Melton and Mrs. Tyrrel, under a similar terror. Mr. Sutton was asleep, and the poor man's senses were in imminent danger of taking a hasty flight, when he found his repose invaded by two pair of such wild creatures. We quieted and removed his terrors by a peaceable demeanor, and retired to give him time to dress; after which we went upon the leads of the castle, to make discoveries with telescopes.



lescopes. Alas ! we might as well have fought for Jupiter's satellites, so much had the glasses caught our trepidations. Mr. Sutton had better success. He discovered two fiery monsters breathing flames at about three miles distance, and kept viewing them very composedly till one had struck its flag. Oh, my dear Sir ! To enjoy the delights of Henneth, there ought to be peace within, and all around ; there ought to be it's kind, it's benevolent owner. In lieu of these we have fear and discontent. Our dear Miss Melton's impatience to see her father, is too strong for reason, and, almost, for duty. Nor is the necessity for this harsh command apparent. If you do not design to return immediately, I must become an humble petitioner for leave to attend you in London. I must beg it also on another account. Preparations are making at Caradoc castle for the double nuptials. I am invited, and my sweet Laura commanded thither. I am too selfish to sacrifice my quiet and peaceful hours, at the shrines of pomp and grandeur. I cannot go ; and how can I excuse myself ?

Another circumstance. You want to bring Mr. Melton to subdue his stubborn patriotic virtue, and settle peaceably into an English subject. On this determination  
also



also depends the happiness of our beloved Miss Melton. My dear papa! with what supreme felicity have you filled the bosom of your daughter, when you have acknowledged the silent power of her asking eye. And has not Miss Melton an asking eye also? Is any thing in nature so likely to reach a father's heart?

Inflict no more penances upon Mr. Chesslyn, my dear Sir. Already has he exhausted loves vocabulary in one short sentence. I love thee infinitely. It is a pretty word, papa, as all words are with so many flowing vowels; but has it any meaning?

O yes, infinite meaning. Apply it to magnitude, it does equally well for little or much, for great or small. Apply it to duration, it will do alike for long or short. By dint of application, however, I think I have discovered its precise signification. I love thee, infinitely; which, being interpreted, is, I love thee as well as I can. Ah well, papa, assure him I return his affection in the self-same way. I love *him* as well as I can.

Men are such conceited beings, they imagine themselves adepts in science, when they scarcely know the first rudiments.

I will retract this opinion, the moment this infinite love-maker answers distinctly,  
and



and rationally, this simple question, what is love?

My dear papa! Come to the embraces of your dutiful and affectionate

JULIA.

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*Mr. Melton to his Daughter.*

London.

**N**O, Camitha, no. It was not cruelty, it was not harshness, that dictated my prohibition. It was love, true paternal love. I know too, it was thy fond filial affection that gave it the epithet of harsh. Such errors cannot be pardoned, for they cannot offend.

Come then, Camitha, since his daughter wishes, and Mr. Foston approves, come to thy father's arms. Bring with thee thy own, and Julia's, asking eye. But remember, Camitha, honour and integrity have powerful rights. Never yet did they want their influence over thy own heart. Camitha, I fear thee not. Come.

Thy affectionate father,

WM. MELTON.

*Mr.*



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*Mr. Foston to his Daughter.*

London.

**Y**OU anticipate my wishes, Julia. When Mr. Melton's affair seemed likely to detain me longer than I expected, I found my wants. You little incroacher! Already have you forced me to depend upon you for my daily happiness! Must my mornings be joyless, because uncheared by your dimpling smiles? Must my food be tasteless, because you no longer administer it? And must London be a desert, because it holds not my Julia?

Bless me! this is Cheslyn's pen. Here take it, Sir; I suppose in your hands it will burn the paper as it walks.

*[Mr. Cheslyn in continuation.]*

Burn, Sir! I dare not even indulge myself with epithets born and brought up in Lapland. If I, in character of lover, had wrote the interrogatories you have done in that of father, I should have trembled under the keen lash of your Julia for a month. And yet, I am persuaded, you did not design to be hyperbolical. You found your expressions ascend in a  
climax,



climax, merely from the fond indulgence of the lively idea you set out with. But what must I do? Even in the discussion of her own question, should I dare to attempt it, she will not permit me the common terms of art. Definitions, propositions, and corollaries, drawn from the very soul of Euclid must be applied, to carry into the head, a science which can be known only by the heart. I am the first lover to the first mistress, whose extraordinary caprice determined that the only entrance to her heart, should be through her understanding.

What is love? What, says the blind man, is this blue colour you talk so much of? My friend, without the sense of seeing, you cannot comprehend a tittle; and if you had this sense, words would be needless. Make the application, Julia. Feel and know. Know how

The lover's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth o'er his mistress glance from top to toe;  
And as imagination body's forth,  
The forms of things unknown;  
The lover's pen turns them to shape, and gives  
Celestial attributes, angelic powers,  
*Sometimes to air, and sometimes to a sound.*

Three hours, Julia, has this love-inspired youth been torturing his hapless head for a concluding line. I hit it off in  
an



an instant. Oh ! but not to his taste. He wanted to comprize all thy perfections ——— in a single line. A presumption worthy death. Come and kill him with a frown. The moment Laura goes, Mr. Sutton will lay aside all earthly cares, to escort you hither. Adieu.

Thy affectionate father,

JAMES FOSTON.

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*Mr. Sutton to Mr. Foston.*

Henneth.

**M**Y dear Sir ! an event of the most alarming kind has happened to us, which it gives me unutterable pain to communicate. Miss Melton is lost. Gone irrecoverably. Unhappy father ! All things being in readiness for setting out for town this morning, yesterday, after breakfast, Miss Melton and Mrs. Tyrrel, went, as they said, to take leave of their favourite walk, the foot-path over the fine lawn that bounds the sea shore. In about two hours a countryman came, out of breath, to tell us, that the ladies had been seized by four sailors, who came from behind some bushes, and carried, by force, into a boat which two other sailors were bringing close to



to shore. I ran to the leads with a telescope. I saw the boat arrive at a ship about two miles off, and the ladies forced on board. I thought the vessel had French colours. Most certainly it was a ship of war, carrying a great number of guns. I rode down to Cardigan, hired a light schooner then in the river, with intent to run all hazards to ransom the ladies. Unfortunately the vessel, as if it had got the prize it wanted, was steering under full sail to the south. We could come no nearer than to assure ourselves she carried French colours; which was confirmed by a sloop coming in from Ireland, who once gave themselves for lost, but were suffered to pass unmolested. I have sent Morgan off with orders to go from port to port, and mingle amongst sailors. The chance of discovery this way is small; but in a case of this consequence I thought no chance ought to be neglected.

Miss Foston is disconsolate, Miss Stanley having left her three days since. Early in the morning I shall do myself the honour to be her escort. Am truly sorry I cannot bring you so great a pleasure unmixed with pain.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

THOMAS SUTTON.



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*Mr. John Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

I Think, my dear Harry, the metaphysical disquisitions, now in vogue, concerning the nature of man, have hitherto given us a very imperfect satisfaction. Great pains have been taken to hold him up to view, in a state of nature (as it has been called) and in a state of polished society. In the first he has been considered as having just as many senses, and of the same kind, as a horse. In the second, the superior, and often too capricious use he makes of them, is the object of consideration. The grand enquiry is, what is the proper portion of happiness belonging to each? And if wants could be gratified with as much facility as they can be acquired, the question would admit a speedy determination. All the powers of man, which are not equally so of the horse, may, I suppose, be referred to intellect. It is to our imagination we are indebted, not only for a great number of exclusive pleasures, but for what we call refinement of those we enjoy in common with other animals. We owe to the imagination also, that bitterness of woe, that mental sense of calamity, which



which we possess, as well as certain pleasures, exclusively. But has not the imagination also some balsamic powers, capable of curing or alleviating the wounds it makes? Will it not help a man to steal himself away from the pangs of that misery which arises from its own artifice?

Let us instance love, the keenest cause of affliction among the sons of men. To bring the matter home, let us suppose for a moment you had lost Miss Melton. Lost her forever. I see, my Harry, this imaginary idea makes thee tremble with horror. Is it absolutely impossible for philosophy to have directed the efforts of the imagination into another course? Once thou hadst her not. Once she was not necessary to thy happiness. The ideas that made them so, are newly associated. Is there not sufficient free agency in man, to enable him to determine his imagination *from* the objects that destroy his peace? My dear Harry, I reason vilely. For this impertinent, unconfidential babble, forgive thy brother; forgive the man who wished to prepare thee for a severe stroke of fortune, but mistook the means. Miss Melton is lost; but not, I hope, for ever.

She was forced from Henneth on board a vessel carrying French colours. I cannot dwell on the particulars. You will receive





ceive them soon from Tom Sutton, who is now amongst the southern ports, making every possible enquiry. Mrs. Tyrrel was carried off with her; that is a source of comfort. Mr. Melton suspects that Pantton loved his daughter; but deems him incapable of this, or any villany, to obtain her. My suspicions fall on Suthall. We are miserable here. Mr. Melton, uncertain whether to join you on the continent; but, Harry, Miss Melton is to be retrieved, not by despondency, but exertion.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**I** Wish, my Laura, I was philosopher enough to make an estimate of the average of gain or loss, to the whole human race, springing from the contrary sources of great indifference, or great sensibility.

Why should I walk about like a guilty thing, almost weary of existence, because of accidents in which I had no share. I hired not the ruffians who forced Miss Melton away; I am guiltless of the nuptials



tials by which I have lost my Laura. Why then am I punished? The stern stoicism of a Cato would tell me, perhaps, I am punished neither by nature, nor by human institution; I am punished by my folly. What you call sensibility, is nothing but refinement on the common feelings of mankind. Observe the disposition of the crowd around you. You will be convinced that this mere human acquisition is by no means necessary for ordinary happiness.

But, like other people, I am inclined to hug my folly, if it is one; and had rather be dead, indeed, than dead to the lively sensations of love, friendship, and gratitude. Under the influence of these impressions, how little do I care for the boasted pleasures of this splendid city. I have been here ten days without a single sigh for their Operas, Ranelaghs, or Vaux-halls; a guest of Mr. Chesslyn's without the least attention to indecorum. Our society consists of names well known to you. Mr. Melton is free by the joint bond of my father and Mr. Chesslyn, who engage, under that penalty, for his loyal demeanor. He is a most respectable old man, and by no means the least chearful amongst us. Account for this, Laura. Is it because the human mind, late relieved from the depth of despondency, resists the being again  
thrown



thrown into the same excruciating situation? Or has he hopes unknown to the rest of us? Miss Nancy Sutton, a most amiable girl, favours me with frequent visits; and doctor Gordon, one of the most engaging of men, by I know not what imperceptible magic, steals us away from our sorrows at his pleasure.

Your adorer— for in very sad earnest does he loves you, Laura, though he dares to tell you so only in jest— is gone to Plymouth and other sea-ports, where, peradventure, some one of Fame's hundred tongues may breathe a whisper of this calamity.

Unless I regale you with some of our wisdom, Laura, for with our wit I cannot, I must bid you adieu.

Pray remember the poor

The poor JULIA FOSTON.

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*Laura to Julia.*

Caradoc.

**J**ULIA, I have received your very wise letter; and as I have a nimble apprehension, from the first reading I drew this sage inference, that in actual practical wisdom,



dom, I beat you, and all the refining philosophers under the moon. Whilst you are doubting of the existence of happiness, or enquiring where it is to be found, or what stuff it is made of, I am humbly content with accepting it without any enquiry at all. Doubtless I prefer a full feast with my Julia, but when that is unattainable, I pick up my morsels and crumbs of comfort as I can.

Man is unhappy only when he reflects—says one. Man was created for happiness—says another. *Ergo*, man was not created for reflection.

Julia, I am astonished at my own wisdom. Till this moment of conviction, I as little suspected myself capable of making a syllogism as a clock. Unless you can make syllogisms also, bow your head, and listen to instruction.

When I think of our hapless Miss Melton, it makes my heart ach; therefore I contrive to think of her as seldom as I can. It is true I am forced to make pitiful shifts *here* for this purpose, because both the works of nature and of art, are horribly out of tune. The intellects are all unstrung, as well as the violins and violoncellos. I do not mean out of humour, Julia; take care of your constructions; and for love, we will match any two pair of turtle-



turtle-doves in the area of Henneth castle; at least we bill and coo as often.

These fond animals, you know, are the very patterns of true love and constancy; and since billing and cooing are their external signs, why not ours? Snarlers, indeed, say we can't hold out, but for my part I have been here a week before, and a week after marriage, and perceive no difference. Smack in one corner, and smack in another, from morning until night. How, in the night, they may chuse to vary this celestial music, it does not become us poor sinful virgins to guess. But as matrimony is a divine institution, all that belongeth thereunto must be heavenly also.

None of your wise reprehensions, Julia; I learn new things every day. Your lessons, I find, only serve to keep simple girls in ignorance, under the specious name of modesty. You are a prude, Miss Julia, I have my new sister's own word for it, and she makes it a rule to speak of every thing — as it is.

Shall she, because she is a woman, be excluded from animadverting upon the works of nature? Whatsoever is, is right; and what is right, it can't be wrong to talk about. For her part, she is above so false and ridiculous a modesty. So she is, Julia. And under so able an instructor,



so will Harriet in a little time. Already she begins to talk learnedly of vulgar prejudices.

As to you, Julia, I have no hopes. You are the child of error. I should only throw away my instructions to continue the subject. Suppose, instead of it, I indulge you with a description of the nuptial day? Tell you how the lovely brides were decorated? With innocence and purity within; with rayment of the purest whitewithout. How prettily the rural maids strewed the way to church with flowers? The number, the order, and the contents of the coaches?

In all marriages, you know Juno is a lady of prime consideration; nay, she has been known to condescend even to a clandestine marriage in a cave.

Some people make a greater account of Venus and her chubby lad, but we did well enough without 'em.

In their stead we had one Plutus, a dirty looking deity, but of monstrous great account. The graces were engaged elsewhere. And, indeed, of all the celestials, the lady and gentleman above-mentioned were all we had, and all we wanted.

I don't reckon upon Momus, who only sculked and made mouths, but never came into company.

Of



Of earthly stars we had ——— not one.  
 No one virgin strewing the church-way  
 path. Nor any church-way path to strew;  
 for at the uncanonical hour of midnight,  
 by the good leave of the archbishop of  
 Canterbury, we did the business in a cham-  
 ber. And then, Julia, good night.

After all this trifling, I am sick at heart.  
 I have no wants or wishes that can be gra-  
 tified *here*. That they all center in the  
 society of my Julia and her friends, wit-  
 nesseth her affectionate

LAURA STANLEY;

---

*Mr. Henry Chestlyn to his Brother.*

The Bastile.

**Y**ES, here I am, Jack, living in a quiet  
 snug way, at the expence of the grand  
 monarque. I swear I never coveted this  
 honour, but fortune sometimes will confer  
 her favours on humble unaspiring people;  
 and very often, as in my case, on slender  
 degrees of merit.

I had business to transact at Amiens for  
 Mynheer Van Hogen; it was the settling  
 an account of years, in which some errors  
 had crept, with a banker's house. I suc-  
 ceeded in discovering these errors, and paid  
 myself the applause due to my parts. But



as something or other of thee, Jack, of thee, my brother, will still mingle with whatsoever I do, so, in making up the packet, I clapt therein — my passport; which returned to the place of its nativity, whilst I journeyed forward to Paris, where I arrived in the evening of the next day.

It is not without cause that the fame of French politeness has gone amongst the nations; for the following morning I had attending my levee, an officer of the police, who, in the most agreeable manner, congratulated me on my safe arrival, and begged, as a particular favour, I would do him the honour to let him see my passport.

Without doubt, Monsieur. Accordingly I produced it from the place of its usual deposition, and wrapt in the same covering as it had when I put it in the commandant's hands at Amiens, I delivered it to the officer of the police.

My gentleman returned it me with a look of displeasure, observing he did not understand Dutch, and did not expect an insult. The paper was a very material one of my friend Hogen's, and informed me fully of my mistake. With great confusion of face I begged the gentleman's pardon, and informed him all I knew of the matter.

My representation might be true, he said, but it was also possible it might not; and



and whether it was or no, it was his duty to carry me before the lieutenant de Police. *C'est tres raisonable*, says I, and away we went.

The lieutenant de Police, with an excess of politeness, lamented the harshness of the duty, that imposed upon him the necessity of sending to the Bastile a gentleman of my appearance.

What, before I have seen your opera *Comique*, Monsieur? said I.

It will only be a small delay, says he, till your passport arrives.

But, replies I, I have been informed by some of my countrymen, that after they had seen the Bastile they had no longer a relish for any thing that France produced.

It was owing to too great delicacy, he said: had the Tower of London a similar effect?

No, Monsieur, says I; we never go there but *by our own consent*.

The lieutenant put the four fingers of his left hand upon his forehead, looked half a minute upon the ground, and then raising them to me; *je vous entend*, says he, but it is a distinction without a difference.

It is right to think so *here*, says I, but, in England, Monsieur, it would ruin us.

Ah, Monsieur L'Anglois, said he, foreigners are much mistaken, and some of



your own countrymen also, if Englishmen now make their own laws.

Not having a repartee ready, Jack, I said nothing; and the lieutenant de Police very civilly invited me to breakfast, with his lady and a pair of smart daughters, who rallied me upon the compliment about to be paid me, and assured me, I should be a very happy man, if the ladies laid no heavier chains upon me.

Oh but, says the lieutenant, the gentleman will love, *à-la-mode de son pays*, with his own consent.

*Oh qu'oui*, returned one of the ladies, just as he now visits the Bastile.

At least, Mademoiselle, you will allow a lady's bosom to be a much more agreeable prison.

More alluring at first view, says she, I allow; but few complain of the torments of the Bastile in such dolorous strains, as lovers do of the torments of love.

Nor will I, says I, if you ladies will have the goodness to sweeten my confinement, by the favour of your society.

An English lady, Jack, would have considered an hour about the decorum; these considered only the kindness of alleviating a misfortune which chance, not guilt, had produced. The father confirmed the idea, and they drank coffee in my new apartments the same evening.



## The Hotel.

Minheer Van Hogen, on the fourth day, dismissed me from this agreeable abode, by sending an express with my passport immediately on its discovery. With it came thy letter with two impertinent requisitions; to learn of the Dutch to salt herrings; and to look into French heads for ghosts. I cry thee mercy, Jack, the latter requisition savours of a little more depth than can be usually ascribed to thy productions. It came, I see, from the father of my Camitha.

And what hath angered thee with Dutch politics? Can any people look strait forward better, with or without spectacles? Can any people have better dispositions to take care of themselves? Good national qualities, Jack, notwithstanding John Bull's bellowing against Dutch avarice, Dutch meanness, and Dutch perfidy. For the first, it may be, for ought I know, altogether as wholesome as English profusion. For the last, find me one court, one cabinet without it, and abuse their high-mightinesses as long as thou wilt.

As to what remains, they are so like other people—.

Fare thee well, Jack! Thine.

HENRY CHESLYN.



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*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**A**S I know my Laura writes *archly*, only to her Julia; as I know she reveres true virtue, and feels the tender sensation of pity for another's woe, why should I quarrel with that playfulness, not *wantonness* of heart, which is one of heaven's kindest gifts to the sons and daughters of men. I know my Laura's heart incapable of sporting *really* with circumstances that wear the appearance of producing future misery to a brother and sister; for what happiness can result from marriages founded on gold and grandeur? Doctor Gordon says, that if a man and his wife have the good luck to be blessed with the same predominant passion, be it what it may, it bids fair to constitute a tolerable degree of happiness. Avarice for example, though, as a physician, I would, by no means, prescribe it to the fair, is often an excellent substitute for love; and in a case I have in my eye, did perform what love could scarce be expected to do. Mr. Pattison, at the age of fifty, married a very handsome young lady of twenty-four, with a fortune, by the Smithfield notation, superior to his own. The lady had been brought up under

dcr



der the eye of her mother, a widow, and early instructed in the value of money; the contemplation of which supplied the place of plays, and play-houses, balls, visits, novels, and even romances. Had Mr. Pattison been a man of splendor or gaiety; had he been intimate with the great; or possessed of a solid understanding; the world might have been divided as to the motive which influenced the young lady's choice: but he had none of these requisites.

The only books he was conversant with, were those which taught to add and multiply; journals and ledgers; but above all, a little favourite treatise, in the tabular way, of the amount of money at five per cent. Of this no man made better use.

Reasoning from our notions, Laura, our young notions, should we not have prophesied, this marriage must have proved unfortunate? On the contrary, few married couples ever experienced so little litigation, so little separation of opinion; both are engaged in the same close pursuit, and both untainted by those sensibilities which rob the silly part of mankind, under the specious name of charity. Both, in short, are happy.

So may, and so I sincerely hope, will, your brother and sister. After all, Laura, is it wisdom, or is it folly, that teaches us



to dictate to others, on what sensations they shall build their felicity? I begin to suspect the heart, though it feels strongly, reasons pitifully.

My dear Laura, I am interrupted by a letter from the Bastile. Here is a copy, read it. Adieu,

JULIA FOSTON.

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*Laura to Julia.*

Caradoc.

**H**OW came I, Julia, to take it so strongly into my head, that you had so much more wisdom and sagacity than your neighbours? People, as they jog on in the journey of life, are under a necessity of correcting their errors. Sport with circumstances that may produce a brother's unhappiness!

To be sure I was exulting that he had missed your divine ladyship, who, notwithstanding you would have brought him wherewithal to feed his ruling passion even to excess, would have so tormented him whenever you had seen him about to eat, that his food would have had no relish. Now he is happy in a mate that will eat with him till "hunger grows of feeding."

You,



You, like rusty parsons, would have thought that the giver of all good things, is more worthy adoration, than the things themselves; but his affections are otherwise settled, and I dare say nobody will ever be able to charge my brother with inconstancy.

There is Mr. Cheslyn now, brother to the gentleman who rid post to the Bastile, a man of ordinary understanding; plain in his person; and, in short, altogether shocking to a lady of any delicacy. Yet, it is possible, he may, somewhere or other, by land or by water, find a help-mate meet for him, who may think him sensible and handsome, and not altogether shocking. And how would she like such a description?

Love, a necessary ingredient in marriage! another instance, how superficially you have looked upon the things of this world! But the doctor and I shall correct you betwixt us. Love! the greatest thief of felicity, both in matrimony and out of it! If love, indeed, was a definite quality, or in other words, if those who had it, knew what they would be at, something might be said in its favour.

But it is absolutely undescribable, untouchable, unvariable, unimmutabile; and quite, as grammarians phrase it, of the adjective breed. Gold, on the contrary,



is substantive ; palpable ; solid ; immutable, even by fire ; and those who love it are immutable also. *They* know what they would be at ; and every sensible addition to the heap, is bliss unequivocal.

Now love, being made up of light evanescent things, or more properly speaking, of nothings, cannot be gathered into a heap. Ogles, sighs, squeezes, oaths, do not admit of aggregation, and in the even scale of prudence, a guinea will weigh down a million. And yet this is the airy food young girls devour so voraciously.

The doctor told you a tale, Julia, for the improvement of your understanding ; I will tell you another.

There liveth, at Carmarthen, and hath lived almost fifty good years, Mr. Abraham Pymnel, with the excellent character of thinking little, speaking less, and doing — nothing at all. But these are not his only talents. To sum up these as briefly as possible, he possesses paternally and fraternally (for a younger brother died at Madras in the very act of accumulating) ninety thousand pounds.

Now Abraham journeyed to Caradoc, and eat bread, and abode there many years.

And fire flew from the eyes of the maiden Laura, and burned and grieved him sorely.

And



And he said unto Sir Owen, speak thou now to the father of the virgin, and say unto him;

Abraham asketh of thee thy daughter Laura to wife; moreover he desireth no portion, nor any of thy wealth, for the Lord hath blessed him.

And Sir Owen spake unto the father, and the father unto the mother, and the mother unto the brother and sister;

And all with one voice spake unto the maiden, saying, art thou wise?

And the maiden answered and said, I am not wise.

Then said they unto her, if thou puttest wisdom away from thee, put thou not obedience also. And they departed, leaving the maiden to weep.

And weep she did, indeed, Julia; but the sorrows of children are short-lived; they are soon at their play-things again; and, I suppose, over and above, I am to be favoured with severe reprehensions from you, Miss Julia, for levity at least, if not impiety. But what shall I care till I am wife?

The next morning, before my father and mother came down, my brother and sister renewed the attack. I thanked them very respectfully for their kind and generous care; allowed that the gentleman had in-  
finite



finite merit ; that the taking a daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, without a portion, was vastly heroical ; and giving her so, would convince the world of its error in imputing pride to Sir Richard and lady Stanley ; and would confirm it in its opinion of my brother's extensive prudence.

Was this a compliment, Julia, that deserved the sullens for the remainder of the day ? And ought my papa and mama to have embraced this mode of shewing their displeasure ?

After dinner the gentlemen sat rather longer than common at their bottles, applauding, as I afterwards found, the uncommon generosity of Mr. Pymnel, who whispered Sir Owen, that over and above his former offers, if the young lady could get over her objections to him, he would, on the day of marriage, make her a present of ten thousand pounds, for her sole and proper use, for ever and for ever. Amen.

And all for what ? Only to let him lie with me. Now if the man would only desire this trifling favour for a month or two, without those indecent formalities of better and worse, and having and holding, it would indicate, as my sister said, a very shallow understanding to refuse him.

But year after year, Julia, till death us do part, requires a little more consideration.

Please



Please to direct your next philippic to my father's, in Devonshire, where we are going in a group, Pymnel and all.

Your's, according to the advice you give,

LAURA STANLEY.

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*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**Y**OUR gaiety, my Laura, whatsoever form it takes, comes from a heart so innocent and pure, and by its being exerted on your own miseries, shews itself to be so constitutional also, that henceforward, be as whimsical as you will; only do not lay me under the necessity of burning the lively and agreeable that falls from your pen, on account of a certain debasing mixture; that should it fall hereafter under the inspection of an ill-judging, or malevolent eye, the lovely writer may be supposed to possess a mind a little too *garwy*.

You conclude your letter, Laura, as if you really hesitated about Mr. Pymnel's offer. If so, your portrait of him is unjust. I know you too well to believe you would be induced by his ten thousand pounds *merely* to hesitate a moment. I would lay a wager the man has other respectabilities,



spectabilities, and who shall call his judgment in question, from an action that evinces its solidity? You are pleased, indeed, to assign a very vulgar motive for this action, but though you are a pretty little body enough, your vanity, child, must be conspicuous to suppose your person would fetch *that* price, even in Circassia. Wit, you know, takes with some men, and sense with others; good humour is to the taste of all. Mr. Pymnel may have an eye more penetrating than you are pleased to allow; and, possibly, may have discovered a few glympses of these qualities in your ladyship.

I have reason to dispute them all, since you have so kindly disburthened me of sagacity. But I will strive to regain my lost credit with you, by giving, as you ask, advice in this dilemma, which, I will presume, is the very best that can be given, whatsoever parents or guardians, fools or philosophers, may say to the contrary. Do as you like.

Ladies compound the matrimonial draught with a great variety of ingredients. Some season high with love. Others are contented with a very moderate portion. And there are who reject it entirely. Do as you like.

At length, Laura, we have heard some  
news



news of Miss Melton. The intelligence comes from the mouth of honest John Morgan. The poor fellow, with ten guineas, quilted in a belt to be wore for safety next his skin, has been tramping on foot along the coast to the extremity of Cornwall, and thence by Plymouth and Portsmouth for London. The journey has taken him up two months, and is, in his opinion, amply repaid by a number of anecdotes respecting the bravery of our English sailors and officers in engagements of single vessels, with two, three, and sometimes half a dozen cowardly French and Spanish. We were under the necessity of hearing several of these in the order they were learnt, for John assured us, that if he was forced to souce at once into the middle of his story, he should make neither head nor tail of it.

At length it appeared, that falling into company at St. Ives, with a parcel of sailors, a gardiner's servant came in, and accosted one of them with a how do'st do, Dick? When didst see thy old master captain Suthall? Now this was a joke, and please your honour, said Morgan, because the captain had used the same sailor in a barbarous manner, and cheated him of half his pay.

The sailor making no answer, the gardiner



diner said he lately carried to his ship a boat full of garden stuff. Whilst they were delivering, the gardiner continued to ask of one sailor and then of another, how many prizes they had made? To which no answer was returned. At length one of the sailors, with many sea oaths, fell to cursing two ladies who were upon deck, and swore that kidnapping them there jades, had kept them three weeks out of the Bay of Biscay, and spoiled their luck.

All circumstances considered, however, we have not the least doubt but this was Miss Melton, and must therefore wait patiently for the return of Suthall, when our gentlemen determine to take very active measures against him. Plymouth being his station Mr. Sutton is to stay there in expectation of his arrival, and John Morgan to be sent there also, as being likely to gain intelligence.

One circumstance concerning John I must tell you. He had learned to write at the village where his youth was spent, but after he had listed for a soldier, had no occasion to use this talent. Now John suspecting this intelligence might be worth communicating, got pen, ink, and paper, and began to scrawl away; but his letters were so mishapen that he could not himself tell what they were designed for. Poor John



John was vext to the soul, and wholly unable to account for this phænomenon, till he remembered he had left the hand he had learned to write with at Tyconderoga.

My dear Laura, I am impatient to hear of your budding loves. Adieu,

JULIA FOSTON.

*Laura to Julia.*

Wigton.

**W**HEN I received your last epistle, in which you have concentrated the very spirit and essence of admonition, I reinstated you in all your former rights of wisdom and sagacity.

Now, says I, by the help of my Julia's precept, I shall be able to surmount all obstacles that undutiful fathers and mothers are so fond of throwing in the way of their enamoured and obedient children. Now let haughty brothers and sisters, "insult, exult, and domineer," I am armed. The precept appeared so deep, so profound, so satisfactory, and, above all, so easy, that I never dreamt of the least difficulty in the execution.

Yes, says I, I will do as I like. Nature, reason, and Julia, all command it.

If nature, reason, and Julia, would teach  
fine



fine ladies to *know* what they like also, it would be a most uncommon service. How I stumbled upon this unlucky thought, I cannot tell; but it haunted me like a troubled ghost, and convinced me, at last, your precept was not worth a straw.

Well, Julia, it is not my fault if you do not see and acknowledge the vastness of my comprehension; and if you do, you will not wonder at the number of arguments which occurred to me for the pro and the con, nor at the ease with which reduced them to two of the utmost simplicity.

For the pro—Liberty and property—

For the con—A man I don't like.

Every Englishman feels the infinite value of the first. And few women set any value at all upon the latter. When arguments are so entirely equal, they might as well not be weighed at all.

I was as forward as ever. But though I could not answer my own wisdom, I was sufficient for that of others.

Against the arguments of my father and mother, I was armed by pride; against my brother and sister, by resentment and contempt.

A daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, put up by auction to the best bidder; a going, a going; knocked down for ten thousand pounds.

This



This was the burden of my song, and I sung it with such spirit and so many variations, that of twelve pitched battles, I fairly won eleven. The odd one was lost by the high tone of severity in which my father, assisted by my brother, spoke.

“Miss, truly had behaved in so confident, a manner, had said so many bold things, and seemed in short so impatient of a father’s authority, that he thought, for his part, it would be right to lay it aside; and with it, all the other relations of a parent also.” I burst into tears, and for this time yielded the victory.

This ungenerous menace was afterwards pushed so far, by my kind brother, that my spirit was roused to the utmost; and I could not forbear saying, that since avarice was the only principle of action; since neither the honour of a family, nor the happiness of a daughter, were of any weight; and as I could not be rendered more unhappy by any possible event, than marriage with Mr. Pymnel would make me; they must execute their pleasure. Alienation from my family, had my family been kind, would have been the most insupportable affliction; but my brother and sister had of late taken infinite pains to mitigate its severity.

And so you would fly to Miss Folton, I suppose,



suppose, says my brother, whom you prefer to father, mother, every relation in life.

A kind friend, replied I, is at least as good as an inimical brother. I had been utterly undone, he said, by my residence at Henneth castle; so much freedom of will; so much acting according to the dictates of reason; he had no notion of it.

I believe so, says I.

If Mr. Foston submits to be governed by his daughter, like a——a——a what, brother?

It was no reason other fathers should. And, perhaps, in the end it would not be so much for his daughter's advantage. It did not serve to raise the lady at all, in *his* opinion.

It is not worth your while, brother, to inveigh against Miss Foston *now*; it only serves to remind one of the fox and grapes.

The gentleman grew high in anger, and bit his lips most furiously. I am not convinced, Miss, but you have other views still more dishonourable, in desiring to fly from your father's house.

Desiring to fly, brother; that is an error of expression, I believe; if I am turned out, you know, I must go where I can.

And do you think, sister, Mr. Foston's steward, the nephew of a dirty mechanic, a fit son-in-law for Sir Richard Stanley?

I sup-



I suppose, Sir, he will never aspire at the alliance; unless emboldened to it by a comparison with Mr. Pymnel, to whom, in point of extraction, he is, I think, on a par; in all other respects, he must be humble, indeed, not to be conscious of his own superiority.

And you really avow your affection for him?

Really I do not, brother. I think him too wise to incumber himself with a penniless girl of quality, disowned by her family. But should it be otherwise, your ends will be as well answered as if I married Mr. Pymnel; and (bursting into tears spite of myself) when I am no longer the daughter, no longer the sister of any body, no family blood can be dishonoured, should I contract alliance with a chimney-sweeper.

If I may presume to give my father advice; it should not be to send you *out* of the house, but to keep you *in*.

Upon bread and water, I suppose. Do it, Sir. Go on in that noble, that generous track. I shall not be behind hand in repaying these benefits with the consideration they deserve. And with this, I stalked away like a tragedy queen.

I am very unhappy, Julia; yet I must and will laugh; when this propensity leaves me, I am undone indeed.

Hitherto



Hitherto my noble lover had never opened his lips to me, except your health, Miss Laura; Miss Laura, your very good health. Nor did he seem desirous of any nearer intercourse, for which very reason, perhaps, I did. Finding himself, one afternoon, betrayed into a *tête-à-tête*, the poor man seemed to be seized, of a sudden, with such intolerable pangs of body, that I was alarmed. His mouth opened also, and out of it came—a cough. I sat a few minutes with all possible patience, and the symptoms seeming rather aggravated, I expressed my sorrow for his disorder with the utmost tenderness, and asked if I should send for help?

Lord bless you, says he, no miss, I'm pure and hearty, thank God, only, as I never went a courting before, why, like, it had almost overcome me.

It seems hard work, indeed. And so you are come a courting to *me*, Mr. Pymnel?

Yes, Miss. (Silence five minutes.)

Would you chuse to court me now, Mr. Pymnel, or defer it till another opportunity?

Nay now's as good as another time, (silence three.)

And you want to marry me, Mr. Pymnel?

Yes, miss, that's the short and the long of it.

And



And what would you marry me for?

Why, what do other folks marry for, Miss?

Some for one thing, some for another, I believe.

But you are old, Mr. Pymnel, and I am young.

Yes, miss, and so I pays for the difference.

And is there never a woman at Carmarthen, about your own age, that you could like to marry, and save all that money?

Lord love you, miss; they be pulling caps for me at Carmarthen, both old and young; but I never fancied nobody but you?

And what did you fancy me for, Mr. Pymnel?

'Cause you was so pure good-natured, and funny, miss, I thought if I could get you, I should be happy and merry all the live-long day.

Then all you want, is to be happy and merry all the live-long day?

Yes, miss.

Well then, I'll have you. But I will have nothing to do with you at night. We won't lie together, Mr. Pymnel.

What never, miss?

No, never, never. I swear never to break this resolution.

Then the bargain's off, miss; for I have



a power of money, and would fain have an heir.

Of your own begetting, Mr. Pymnel?

To be sure, miss.

Then the bargain's off, as you say; and so, since we can't agree, I shall be much obliged to you to take your leave, and return to Carmarthen.

This, my dear Julia, is all the courtship I have yet had, but my gentleman seems in no haste to depart.

If he should prevail on himself to court me again, I shall endeavour, should it be possible, to make him feel.

Laugh as much as you will, Julia, but pity also your tragi-comic

LAURA STANLEY.

*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Corunna.

**Y**ES, brother; metaphysical disquisitions concerning the nature of man, *are* unsatisfactory. As you say, man is a horse, and would be an ass if the loss of a woman could give him corporal pangs beyond his power of patience.

I hope, brother, you will give me credit for no small degree of philosophy, when I  
tell



tell you that on the receipt of your's, containing an account of the loss of the truly lovely Miss Melton, I sought not, as many foolhardy Englishmen would have done, the aid of a pistol; never once thought of my garters; and although the ocean was just under my nose, it never entered my head, how kindly, and how soon, it would put an end to all my cares.

Once more I read thy elaborate epistle, and struck with the depth of thy reasoning on the power of the imagination to repeal its own acts, I called for a flask of Burgundy, and looking up at the bewitching eyes of one of heaven's best and fairest gifts, who sat by my side, determined to try the cause after thy own prescription.

"Once I had her not." Most true.

"Once she was not necessary to thy happiness." What, before I had seen her, Jack?

"The ideas that made her so, are newly associated. Meaning belike that a rope newly twisted, is easier undone than an old one.

"Once I had her not." That is to say, think no longer of what thou thoughtest on yesterday, the day before, and every day for six happy months. Annihilate this space, and all the fond ideas it brought. Go not backward, like a crab, progres-



sively, but jump it back at once. Nothing so easy. If remembrance will set the lovely maid, with all her attractive powers before thee, knock thy head against a post. What is man when he cannot exercise the power of omnipotence over his own faculties?

“Once I had her not.” But I have her now, says I, catching the lovely maid to my bosom. The lovely maid returned my embrace with sweet, but modest, ardor.

The fair Parisian who visited me in the Bastille——Pshaw!——From Paris I rode post to Brest; presented Mr. Melton's letters, with my power of attorney; met with a gracious reception; dined with one; supped with another; laughed at the war, and at my country's politics; received bills of exchange; transmitted them to Van Hogen; and finally, departed for Nantes. All over the globe, as far as I know, merchants adhere strictly to two principal articles, which may be called their points of honour, payment of debts, and performance of contracts. The exceptions are few. I should be sorry to find Mr. Fabrier, of Bourdeaux, one, though the morning after my arrival, he crossed the bay to Corunna, without leaving me an apology. Whether a man's head, Jack, be running upon an old mistress or a new one, his imagination is apt to be troublesome



some in the fair one's absence. In order to get relief, I went to Corunna. Mr. Fabrier was gone to Vigo, but his return was expected in three days. Two of these I spent in viewing the place. On the third morning I walked to the harbour which I found unusually crouded. An English privateer, miserably shattered, was sent in, a prize to an American cruizer, who intended to run into Nantes or Bourdeaux, but was prevented by contrary winds. Curiosity led me to the side of the dock, where passed me the officers of the English privateer, and two ladies, guarded or rather attended by a party of their conquerors. Judge of my amazement when one of the ladies shrieked out my name, sprung into my arms, and fainted away. I supported her out of pure compassion, and so great was my blindness, and confusion of thought, that I gazed upon the other lady two minutes before I could recognize the features of Mrs. Tyrrel. Mrs. Tyrrel, Jack! It was two minutes more before I could be made to comprehend I had Miss Melton in my arms. I bore my lovely burthen to a neighbouring shop; calling out to Mrs. Tyrrel to follow, and begging loudly, in French, that the door might be kept clear. On the instant a genteel young man, in the English dress,



spoke to some sailors with an air of authority, who effectually kept off the crowd. Miss Melton recovered, and recollecting her situation, fell into a most violent fit of trembling, during which she caught fast hold of my arm with looks of sweet terror. I soothed her into some composure, when she was again alarmed by a dispute at the door. Oh, says she, that horrid Suthall! Don't be frightened, miss, says Mrs. Tyrrel, thank God his power is expired, and captain Panton is your friend. Suthall and Panton! What a confusion of ideas did these names present!

I hope, Sir, says a rough voice at the door, you are more of a gentleman than to abuse your victory by separating me from the ladies?

I make no war upon ladies, replies the other, nor shall you whilst I can defend them. They are at perfect liberty. Then stepping into the shop, he spoke aloud, is it your inclination, Miss Melton, to go with captain Suthall?

Oh no, no, says she, never, never, clasping her hands. He stole me by base violence, from my father, captain Panton, and from friends dearer to me than life.

You was my prisoner, madam, says Suthall, roughly, I had a right to you.

For the manner in which you exercised  
that



that right, captain Suthall, I am much your debtor, as well as for the base revenge you have lately taken, in informing against this lady's father. These obligations I propose to acknowledge.

Know in me, the assertor of this lady's innocence; the man who once delivered her out of the power of that vile bawd, your infamous associate; and know me your determined enemy for life. Captain Panton, I am sorry our country's quarrel will not permit me to be so much your friend as your merit demands, and my heart desires. I have open letters to you from Mr. Melton, which will explain to you the interest I have in his and this lady's concerns. In the mean time permit me to conduct the ladies to my posada, where your company will be an addition to my pleasure. Panton thanked me politely, said he was happy to find the ladies had a better protector than the rough occupation of war would allow him to be. He would settle with the commander of the fort the manner of disposing his prisoners, and that done, would wait on us.

Whilst Miss Melton, Mrs. Tyrrel, and myself, were enjoying, in our posada, the sweet intercourse of love and friendship, and entering into the necessary explanations, my servant arrived from Bourdeaux



with a packet from Holland, containing your short letter, brother, and a long one from Tom Sutton.

Captain Panton came to dinner, having disposed of the English crew in easy confinement, and obtained for the officers, liberty of the town on their parole. He gave us the history of the engagement, in which there was nothing extraordinary, except the inveteracy with which the crews on both sides fought; owing to the remembrance of the former engagement. He did justice to the bravery of Suthall, and owned his own weight of metal was superior. Of Mr. Melton he spoke with reverence, and mentioned his generosity to himself in terms of the highest gratitude. He acknowledged also that with the utmost esteem and respect for Miss Melton, he had once conceived sentiments of a warmer kind; but had never entertained sufficient opinion of his own merit, to dare to make the declaration; and after what he had heard, (for we had communicated a little abstract of our story) he should dismiss all hope.

Taking the opportunity of a pause in conversation, Miss Melton observed, upon the words I had spoke to captain Suthall; said she very well understood their import, but not the point of honour that made it  
neces-



necessary for me to embroil myself with him. Then with tears in her eyes, conjured me, if I had no value for my own life, to respect her miserable situation. More she could not say. I held down my head, not knowing what to answer, for I was filled with so strong a rage against Suthall, that I had determined to call him out the next morning.

Mrs. Tyrrel, who has lost not a jot of her agreeable vivacity, told Miss Melton, that indeed she asked too much. That this savage point of honour, when it had once got possession of an English gentleman's head or heart, was wont to keep it in spite of the pleas of love, friendship, or any consideration, human, or divine. That it was impossible Mr. Cheslyn should give it up entirely; but thought perhaps he might be prevailed upon to conduct her safely into the arms of her father; and might then return post to give captain Suthall an opportunity of preventing his rash commission of that desperate act, matrimony, which such a number of gentlemen so wisely venture their lives to avoid.

This lively fallacy a little restored our spirits, and captain Panton taking the matter up, said that all circumstances considered, it would be better to postpone the affair, at least till Suthall's return to



England; for many unfair constructions might be put upon it, on account of his being a prisoner. Might it not also be suggested by partizans of ministry, that it was useful to take him off, on the score of Mr. Melton?

In short, Miss Melton would not give up the point till I gave my honour to take no notice of him—at least at Corunna.

The next point in debate, was, how to get to England. All voices were against embarking on English, French or Spanish vessels. Two Dutch merchants were in the harbour, but their accommodations for passengers were so nasty, that we were disgusted with the idea. We might go by land through France, but must have the trouble of procuring fresh passports from Paris. At length we determined to go to Barcelona, thence by sea to Genoa, and make the best of our way through Geneva to Holland.

This affair being settled, Mrs. Tyrrel diverted us with her account of their captures, and the subsequent behaviour of Captain Suthall. You know, says she, our favourite walk by the sea-side, and the thick bushes of willow, which grow under it. We were looking at two sailors paddling near the shore in a boat, when four sailors leaped from behind the bushes, and  
feized



seized hold of me. Miss Melton ran screaming away, and I began to rummage my pockets for money. The sailors muttered something one to another, and two of them sprung nimbly after Miss Melton, whom they soon brought back, and hurried us both into the boat; then rowed away with great swiftness towards a vessel that lay at a distance.

During this most agreeable ride, very few words were spoke, Miss Melton resting her head upon my bosom, more dead than alive. When we came along side the ship, she raised her head, and exclaimed, Gracious God! captain Suthall!

Right, cried the corpulent commander; you are welcome my pretty captive; you and I have a long account to settle. But who the devil have we got besides? Ben, I ordered you to bring only this lady; did not I point her out fully to you on Wednesday? Yes, noble captain, replies Ben; I thought all along this was the hull; but then this other had the rigging; (in fact, a remarkable India shawl worn by Miss Melton on Wednesday, when we were attended, happened this day to have the honour to grace my shoulders), and so, not being sure, do you see, we thought better to bring them both.

Then, replied the captain with an oath,



you may take this brimstone back again, for I don't chuse to run any hazard about her; as to this lady she is my own property, which I have a right to seize wherever I can find it.

Property! captain, replied Miss Melton, with more spirit than I thought she could have assumed; how little you know of the laws of your country! and what use do you design to make of this property? Take care gentlemen, to the sailors who brought us, I am betrothed to an English gentleman of fortune; this affair will be enquired into.

The sailors hung down their heads, Ben observing, they had only obeyed orders; and if there was any blame, it lay at the captain's door. As to taking this gentlewoman back, why, it was not to be done; the country would be up, and they should be clapt into limbo. The captain swore he would put me on shore in Portugal, however; and then giving orders for the ship to get under sail, conducted us to a neat little cabin adjoining to his own. Here the captain, in his polite way, made us a long speech, setting forth his great love, and Miss Melton's ingratitude; what great things he had done for her, when she was as it were an outcast upon the earth, not having even a parish to apply to for subsistence,



subsistence ; how he asked nothing for all  
 this but her love ; instead of which she  
 had stabbed him in the belly with a pair  
 of scissars ; which wound had like to have  
 cost him his life ; that when he grew bet-  
 ter he vowed revenge cost what it would ;  
 being further stimulated by the prosecu-  
 tion which Chesslyn had set on foot against  
 Mrs. P— ; that she had made him ac-  
 quainted with Miss Melton's motions ;  
 and had even given him a description of  
 the situation of Henneth castle, and had  
 first started the idea of carrying her off ;  
 that he had been lying off upon this busi-  
 ness above a fortnight, whilst the owners  
 of the vessel thought him hovering about  
 the bay of Biscay ; that if Miss Melton  
 would consent to make him happy he  
 would throw five thousand pounds into  
 her lap, and live with her in any part of  
 the world ; otherwise he was minded to  
 run the ship into the Brazils, or the gulph  
 of Mexico, where his property would pro-  
 cure him all the conveniencies of life, and  
 where the laws of the country allowed  
 both of male and female slaves. He con-  
 cluded by throwing down a bunch of keys,  
 by the help of which he said we should  
 find the articles for a lady's tea-table, and  
 some also for her toilette ; though, as he  
 expected only one, he was not provided in  
 the



the latter particular so well as he could have wished; that he would take care our table should be well served, and that nothing should be wanting to convince Miss Melton of his affection. So saying, he left us.

Miss Melton soon became so ill, that she commanded all my attention. For three days and nights, she scarce ever left her bed. I began to believe that the captain already repented the step he had taken, as he molested us but little, and what he said was in the soothing strain. Afterwards I prevailed on Miss Melton, once a day at least, to take the fresh air on the deck; and this gave her spirits to talk of her misfortunes. I convinced her, and almost myself, that neither her father, nor you, nor the rest of her friends, would abandon themselves to the despair she always raved about; that on whatsoever soil we landed, we should soon hear of some exertion for this purpose. That as to the captain's menace, it could impose on nobody; and I conceived we should be free from his brutality as long as Miss Melton would either be pleased to be sick, or pretend that she was so.

By a multitude of discourses of this kind, she began to recover comfort, and I impertinence, which I bestowed upon the captain



captain in such proportions as I found his constitution would bear.

We had scarce lost sight of English land, when Suthall had the good fortune to light upon two Spanish vessels, laden with wine and fruit for Hamburgh; they were worth, at least, twelve thousand pounds, and might have induced the captain to return home with great satisfaction, could he have known how to have disposed of his female bargain, so as never to have heard of it more; nay, so evangelical was his affection, that I dare say he would have signed our passports to heaven, could he have prevailed with any saint to have taken us off his hand. But though he would willingly have provided thus well for our immortal souls, he had a certain prudential monitor within, that warned him how he trusted our bodies on English ground, without a substantial bargain.

From this dilemma he was relieved by a king's ship going to Falmouth, with a prize of her own; to whom he consigned his two Spaniards, and, to our great sorrow, tacked about again for the bay.

This success had given him a fresh flow of spirits, and he pushed his suit with redoubled vigour, swearing he would make the five thousand, ten. Miss had been ill so long, that she perfectly well how knew to  
put



put on the appearance of it, whenever the captain troubled her with his company, and he was constantly consigned over to me. One afternoon, when I heard he was half drunk, and apprehending a visit, I placed myself at the cabin door to stop his entrance, under pretence that Miss Melton had a violent head ach. Damn her meagrim, says the captain, then let me have your company to make me amends, pulling me in to his apartment, before I had time to consent or refuse.

Mrs. Tyrrel, says he, you are a clever woman; I like your humour, though it makes me smart. You have seen a great deal of the world, and know what's what. If a good offer should fall in *your* way now, you have sense enough not to reject it.

I don't know, captain, that ever I refused a *good* offer in my life, and should hardly begin now.

You see how that perverse little devil treats me; curse me if I would offer the same terms to any woman in England. To tell you the truth, she has almost tired me out. It's a strong constancy that can stand against time and ill humour. Now Mrs. Tyrrel, if you and I could set our horses together, to fetch her about, you understand me, it is not five hundred pound that should part us.

I don't



I don't doubt your generosity, captain, but ruining young ladies is a very serious thing. They are taught to value virginity at such a monstrous rate, that in order to obtain it, a man must do a thousand foolish things to get previous possession of their hearts; for in these ignorant young things they always go together. Now I think, captain, you have not taken the right road to this. You have taken her by force from her friends, and cooped her in a cabin where love cannot enter, and if he could, her bed will scarce hold him and herself.

Sly! Mrs. Tyrrel, damn'd sly! Curse me if I have not almost as great a mind to you as to her; hah, suppose I should transfer now, hah? Offering to kiss me.

Hands off, captain; words you are welcome to; but as for any thing else, without certain preliminaries, I must desire to be excused.

Why here is a very pretty preliminary in this purse, Mrs. Tyrrel, a cool hundred, I assure you, as earnest of future favours. and immediately threw his horrid paws round me, and forced me down upon his bed. I had foreseen this might be the case, and had provided accordingly; not Miss Melton's defensive armour, but a couple of corking pins; with which I kept bobbing him in such a manner, that prevented



vented his rudeness; and soon produced a tingling in his skin, that made him jump about the cabin with great agility.

I laughed, and commended his dancing.

The conversation ended for this time, and we both sulked for two days. I acquainted Miss Melton with this dialogue, and the hope I had of inducing him to return to England by a little further dissimulation. She was desirous of the end, but too delicate to approve the means. I was twenty years older, and thought the means very laudable.

On the third day he did me the honour again to desire a conference, which I complied with, in a very grave manner.

What a pity it is, madam, said he, that you should, at these years, have so much girlish green sickness about you. But for that you and I might be beneficial friends to one another. I believe though, you only stand off to enhance your terms.

If I was to offer you a thousand guineas now—

A thousand glittering guineas upon a heap before one is a tempting sight, captain; but where are they?

I presume to think, madam, my notes will pass for ten times as much. You don't imagine I would trust a quantity of specie on such an expedition?

Well,



Well, Sir?

Suppose I say I should offer you a thousand pounds for the possession of your sweet person, how long might I depend upon being the sole possessor?

As long as we bargain for, captain.

Then, madam, here is my note for the sum, and it is your's whenever you please to surrender.

We must postpone that ceremony, captain, till our arrival in England; I have no taste for sea cupids.

But what must we do with Miss Melton?

I really don't know; she has powerful friends.

She was my prisoner, madam.

Women, prisoners of war! vastly heroic, captain! You have too much good sense to entertain a notion that that plea can do you any service.

Damn her! I wish she was at the bottom of the sea.

I fancy your best way would be to obtain releases from her on condition of carrying her immediately to England. I know she is such a slave to her word, that what she once promises she will strictly perform. But then you must insult her no more with your love, which, I can assure you, she will sooner die than listen to.

The captain caught greedily at this pro-



proposal, which, indeed, was the thing he wanted, and was willing to pay for. The other part of the treaty I am convinced he did not care a farthing about. But he wished to be in England, yet durst not take Miss Melton thither, and I was really terrified lest his fears should push him upon some desperate course. In the flow of confidence he told me he should never have ventured upon this foolish undertaking, if Mrs. P— had not represented Miss Melton as Cheslyn's mistress, who, she pretended to know, wanted to get rid of her.

The next day we settled the treaty in form, and the captain only waited a favourable change of wind, when he was attacked by captain Panton, and the result is—we are now at Corunna.

The packet is this instant going off for Bourdeaux, with letters for France and Holland.

Expect to hear of our further motions in a few days.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

*Julia*



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*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**I** Transcribe for my dear Laura all that is necessary of a very interesting packet from Mr. Henry Chesslyn, the contents of which have made us extremely happy.

My wild, my whimsical Laura, the post has just brought me your serio-comic epistle. Such is the effect of your ludicrous representations, that I have been forced to laugh at the very passages that fill me with the deepest inquietude for the fate of my lovely friend. You have a nice task my Laura. How happy am I that my ever revered parent never issued, never will issue a command, to bring the duty I owe him into danger.

Your brother and sister I give up; treat them as they deserve; but never lose sight of the respect you owe Sir Richard and lady Stanley, even when you contend the most strenuously for the justice due to yourself. Mr. Pymnel is so very poor a creature, that to marry him would be almost committing a suicide. Maintain this contest with firmness, but respect, and remember when consanguinity denies her rights, those of friendship, warmest, tenderest, purest friend-



friendship will be always yours. So speaks to its dearest Laura, the heart of her

JULIA FOSTON.

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*Laura to Julia.*

Wigton.

I AM equally sensible of my Julia's inviolable friendship, and of the goodness of her advice. Happy, if I was as able to follow the one as to return the other. But, as Mr. Pymnel says, though I say it that should not say it, there is ne'er a woman in England more addicted to speaking truth, on certain occasions, than I am; and yet, Julia, in favour of two certain personages, and in conformity to your advice, I have listened respectfully to the abuse of the said truth and myself, for half an hour together, in perfect silence.

But silence will not satisfy. I must speak, and I must speak that which I do not think. Which, when in humble duty I attempt to do, I fall into such an awkward combination of words, that they are interpreted directly contrary to the letter, and I only get a double quantum of reproach and abuse.

So unequal, Laura, is the proportion of  
good



good and evil in this world, that we have had twenty bitter bouts of altercation since my last, for one sweet hour of courtship; nor would this crumb of comfort have fallen to my share, but for the observation of some very wise antient, that a man could not be thoroughly known till he had been seen drunk and sober; and two hours after dinner yesterday, I had an opportunity of knowing the value of this observation, for I saw, from the window of my apartment, Mr. Pymnel in the park, making the narrow path to the hermitage, as broad as a cart way. Now is the time, says I, and sallied out accordingly.

Wine rejoiceth the heart of man, and maketh his tongue to wag.

So that I found Mr. Pymnel as gay as a lark, and loquacious as a magpie.

Now I reckon, Miss, says he, you thought belike, I should ha' sickened and pined, or mayhap hanged myself because of your cruelty?

Yes, to be sure I did, Mr. Pymnel; all true lovers sicken and pine when they are cross'd in love.

More fools they. If they have no more wit, I have. Not but what I was out of humour, to be sure, when I found what a fool's journey I had made on't; a hundred miles from home, and winter at hand.

But



But then, says I to myself, as the poet says, life is full of crosses ; and he that can't get white bread, had best be content with brown. By next Lady-day come twelve-month, I shall have another ten thousand ready for a mortgage, and belike if I had married, it might not ha' been ready time long enough.

Belike so indeed, Mr. Pymnel.

Some folks, Miss, don't know a good offer when its made 'em ; I reckon you never thought as I laid up three thousand pounds every year ; think of that, miss, in twenty years time.

Well, I declare I have a good mind to have you, if it was only to make ducks and drakes of guineas.

May be so, miss ; but I'm not of that mind.

Why you make no use at all of them now.

E'cod but I do though, I makes 'em breed ; and I should like to make you breed too, miss.

May be so, Mr. Pymnel, but I have no fancy for it.

What not with a sweet-heart as you liked ? That there Mr. Sutton, miss, as your brother tells of ?

That would be quite a different thing, Mr. Pymnel.

I'm



I'm sorry to think of your casting yourself away upon a man your father and mother don't like.

So shall I be whenever it happens, I assure you.

Your brother, says he, has neither money nor generation.

More's his misfortune. Is your's a bright generation, Sir? Mine, miss? I don't value all the blood in the world a pinch of snuff; and so I tells Sir Owen Caradoc, when I gets a little roxey. What, says I, signifies, says I, a dozen grand-fathers more or less? It's all as nothing, says I: money makes the gentleman now a days.

Did it make you one, Mr. Pymnel?

Yes, to be sure, miss, what else should?

Nay, nothing, I think.

In this way did we court one another for a full half hour. How long will the heart of Julia bear with the follies that flow from the head of her

LAURA STANLEY.

*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Corunna.

**I**N consequence of having determined to go to England by Barcelona and Genoa, we have taken passage in a Dutch vessel



vessel for Rotterdam, the master Cornelius Huyckstrom. The Dutchman, what will not a Dutchman do for money, has for thirty guineas only consented to a thorough cleansing of the two state rooms, and resigned them during the voyage to our sole use and purpose. We sail in six days. In the interim, as I have yet heard nothing of Mr. Fabrier, I have proposed to the ladies to take a trip by land to Vigo and back again, just for the pleasure of dancing the fandango, and killing fleas in a country posada. Every thing being provided, we set out to-morrow, and shall therefore finish this at my return.

\* \* \* \* \*

Are there, in all the vast possible of human incidents, any thing that can bind in the bands of indissoluble friendship, captain Suthall and myself? Four days since I should have determined this question in the negative. Now, I cannot decently do it, because the thing has actually happened. At least all outward human appearances declare it, though possibly it may be one of those events, concerning which the manners of society, and the feelings of the human heart, are at variance. In other words, it may have happened unto me, as to many a widow, and many an heir, to  
think



think it decent to assume the outward visible signs of sorrow, which my heart has refused to feel.

Tales ought to be suited to the capacity of the hearers; for thy sake therefore I shall make mine like unto a ladder.

The day after our departure for Vigo, captain Panton gave an entertainment to the principal Dons of Corunna, with a ball at the tail of it for the Donnas. To the dinner part of this, were also invited Suthall and the masters of the two Dutch, and some other vessels in the harbour. As might be expected, this was very grave, and very dull, till Don Miguel Sarpello, the Corregidor, who speaks French fluently, as most of the inhabitants of Corunna do, expressed a curiosity to be truly informed concerning the various reports of Captain Suthall's first engagement with Panton, and the double capture of the ladies who were gone to Vigo.

It was Suthall's misfortune to speak French also, just to be understood, and he took upon himself to satisfy Sarpello's curiosity, which he did with no small encomium upon his own bravery; concluding the account of the engagement, with what he called the dishonourable *sinesse* of the enemy, to regain their liberty, after they had struck the flag.



Panton, replied that the stratagem with it's dishonour was all his own, and appealed to the company whether it deserved captain Suthall's stigma?

The Spaniards and Dutch agreed it was not only fair, but deserved applause for it's ingenuity.

Suthall then proceeded to expatiate on his own merit with regard to the lady; how he had protected; how he had supported her; with what ingratitude she had returned his obligations; and finally how unlike a gentleman captain Panton had acted, in taking her away from him, and putting her into the power of the man, who had in England seduced her from him.

Panton reddened at this accusation, and was going to retort the falsehood in terms of very honest resentment, when, reflecting that a display of particulars might not be agreeable to Miss Melton, he checked himself, and only said, captain Suthall, lay your hand upon your heart; I appeal to that for a refutation of this charge; only remember that prevarication, and a partial representation of facts, suit not the character of a gentleman.

Suthall replied in terms of abuse, which Panton bore in silence; and ended the dispute, by saying, it was better to reserve the subject for another day; since, to descend



descend to personal obloquy, would be equally disgraceful to themselves, and affronting to the company. Don Sarpello observing a quarrel likely to ensue, rose for the ball; the other Spaniards, with captain Panton, rose also, leaving Mynheer Huyckstrom, captain Vander Mulch, another Dutchman, and Suthall, over the bottle. This happy party pushed about the glasses with incredible perseverance for four hours, wrangling about politics, much longer than they could understand one another.

At length the company above, and the people of the house, were alarmed with a most uncommon noise; and rushing into the room, found the tables overturned, the bottle and glasses broke, most of the lights extinguished, and the four gentlemen rolling upon the floor, one over another.

Incapable of helping themselves, they were separated and put to bed; on the floor was found a clasp knife half open, and a little bloody.

The next day a French physician and Spanish surgeon were employed in examining the state of their wounds and bruises; plenty of the latter were visible, of the former, one only, which appeared to be a stab with a knife near the bottom of



the belly. This had fallen to Suthall's lot, but by whom given was unknown, as no one owned the knife. Nor did they remember any more of the quarrel, except that it began by a dispute concerning Paul Jones.

At the third dressing, Suthall's wound had a dangerous appearance; the gentlemen of the faculty went so far as to intimate to the patient, that events were in the hands of the Almighty; preparations for immortality were never premature; and, that when people had settled their worldly affairs, their minds were generally more easy, and nature stood a better chance. The captain damned the faculty, himself, and the rest of mankind, in very plain English, which happened to be understood by no one present. In twenty-four hours more, as the fever abated, Suthall was sensible of an extraordinary weakness, and the wound had shewn the first signs of putrefaction. The Spaniard, who knew that all heretics were the property of the devil, would have had good-nature enough to have permitted his patient to die, without knowing any thing of the matter; but the Frenchman, who was of the Hugonot breed, thought salvation just a thing possible, and gave the captain notice of his danger accordingly.

Greater



Greater signs of pusillanimity were perhaps never exhibited; he sent for Panton, to whom, weeping like a child, he bitterly lamented his folly and misfortune, and particularly deplored his villanous behaviour to Miss Melton.

Panton, who has the soul of a man, and the softness of a woman, gave him such comfort as a layman could be supposed to give, and accompanied it with a tear.

If I was dying at home now, says Suthall, I could have heavenly comfort administered by a parson of the church of England; but the clergy of this country

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If you would die in peace, interrupted Panton, have nothing to do with them. They will torment you beyond all human patience, till you have complied with their mummeries. Captain Suthall, depend upon it, repentance and atonement will render you more acceptable in the sight of God than all the forms of all the religions under the sun. In my opinion, pardon and a prayer, from the sweet mouth of Miss Melton, would give more effectual comfort to your soul, than could be given by all the priests upon earth.

By heaven it would, says Suthall; but I have sinned there beyond hope of pardon.

You do not know her, replies Panton,  
I 4 already



already she has forgiven you, and supplicates heaven to forgive you also.

If I could but see her, says he, I should be as happy as any thing can now make me.

We had returned from Vigo the day before, and Panton came immediately to inform us of this new state of Suthall's mind. Camitha, like a pitying angel, complied with his request, on condition only of being accompanied by Mrs. Tyrrel.

Miss Melton and Mrs. Tyrrel added benevolence to forgiveness; one or the other was his constant companion and nurse; and every moment of his life was made as happy as his condition would admit. I also added my mite of pardon and consolation to the general sum.

Easy in these particulars, he now bestowed his attention to his temporal concerns. A Spanish notary made his last will and testament in the French tongue. He signed it with all the formality of witnesses. It was then translated by Panton into English, and signed before English witnesses from his own vessel. At length, after having expressed a desire to be buried at Deptford, he resigned his soul into the hands of him who gave it; which is, I think, the prettiest expression for dying that at present occurs to my memory.

Judge



Judge of my surprize, when, a few hours after, Panton put into my hands a schedule of captain Suthall's effects, and a paper, of which these are the contents.

“Till I am intitled to it by death, as well as by repentance, I dare not to you exprefs the last hope of my life. In all England I have no near relation, no respectable friend, in whose united abilities and integrity I can place such confidence as ought to be placed in an executor. Take that office upon you, Chesslyn; it is my dying request, Panton will give you some reasons for this, and my will, more. Adieu.  
George Suthall.”

A copy of the will was then delivered me, which, after a long preamble, bequeaths his effects thus:

To my wife, E. S. the sum of four thousand pounds, with the whole furniture of the house she lives in at Deptford.

To Camitha Melton, (with her designation at large) by way of atonement for the injuries I have done her, three thousand. One for the same cause to A. Tyrrel; and one to my executor, Henry Chesslyn, Esq; In case my effects should not amount to the above sum, I direct that the whole amount shall be divided in the same proportions. And for the overplus, be it what it may, I give it my said executor,  
I 5 with



with a list of six distant poor relations, to whom I desire he will give one thousand, in what proportions he shall judge necessary, provided that sum shall remain after all the above bequests are paid.

This affair has necessarily detained us ten days longer than the time we fixed, and which, indeed, we could not have kept; Mynheer Huyckstrom being confined to his bed, in consequence of that drunken night, six succeeding days. This goes to Bourdeaux to-night, and we embark to-morrow — Adieu.

*Julia to Laura.*

London.

LONDON, dear Laura, is a place so barren of events that can interest an honest plain simple Welchwoman, that I find it difficult to manufacture a letter that I can judge will be to your liking.

Never yet have I been endued with grace sufficient to visit the tabernacle; nor am I yet a member of that brilliant assembly of speaking ladies. Never yet have I given audience to Prince Hamlet, or any other prince. The description of Ranelagh, like the picture of an ugly wild beast, has taken away all inclination to see



see it. "To toil like a horse in a mill," the characteristic of the pleasures of this circus, is not at all to my taste. The idea of the sweet rural scenes of Vauxhall — is quite satisfactory.

The simple reason of all this, is, that home at present affords me pleasures, not only superior to all these, but, if you *can* believe it, Laura, superior even to the admiration of beaux, and the flattery of *pretty fellows*. From the bottom of my heart do I pity all fine ladies, and all fine gentlemen, who are forced abroad for pleasure. The principal objection I have to the manners of the age, is, that they are not social. To make dissipation the greatest pleasure of life! Unhappy mortals, ye know not the greatest pleasure!

JULIA STANLEY.

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*Laura to Julia.*

Plymouth.

**P**Lymouth, Julia! and thereby hangs a tale, which, though neither a fine tale, nor a long tale, is, like the miller of Mansfield's house, my own and a true one; and he that can make a better out of the same materials, is welcome.

I 6

I think,



I think, Julia, we had been at Wigton one lunar month, four days, and some odd hours, in all that fine harmony of friendship I have described to you, and which, notwithstanding your proud boast, is, I think, wholly unknown in your house; when a peculiar storm, or rather hurricane arose, which crumbled our family fabric into dust.

To make you comprehend this, I must acquaint you with some preceding circumstances.

When the family-compact was proposed between the house of Sir Owen and our's, the alliance appeared so flattering to my father, that he agreed to give up all his estates to my brother, and to my sister, thirty out of about forty thousand pounds, which he had in ready money, reserving to himself one thousand pounds a year, and his house at Plymouth, in which he used to reside about two or three months every winter when he did not go to London; and these to be continued to my mother in lieu of jointure, in case she survived my father.

In this convention, poor Laura was no more thought of, than if poor Laura had never existed. It is true that before the writings were signed, my father remembered himself of his virgin daughter, and  
men-



mentioned it to my brother as a matter that ought to be rectified. My brother answered, it was scarce worth while to delay proceedings on that account; that I was his well beloved sister, and whatsoever more of fortune my father desired to give, he held himself bound in honour to supply. These things are necessary, added he, to be settled in case of mortality, otherwise all my father's possessions should be as much his own during life, as they would have been had not this generous investiture taken place.

Now it was my father's intention to stay at Wigton till after Christmas, and then to retire to Plymouth, according, as the lawyers say, to the true intent and meaning of these presents. As the time was so short, my mother never thought of making a formal resignation of her office of lady paramount, but continued giving her orders as usual to the housekeeper, cook, &c. Three days since, as she was performing this daily duty, my sister-in-law, whose politeness you are acquainted with, dropt a sort of insinuation that she should like to manage her household in her own way. My poor mother was struck dumb, and retired with a full heart to my father. He, whose temper is hasty, complained in passionate terms to my brother.

My



My brother replied, he was amazed his wife's demand should be resented, as it was a necessary consequence of the arrangement preceding marriage. You may be sure this answer did not mitigate my father's anger. He was, I believe, pretty liberal of abuse, often bestowing upon him the name of ungrateful viper. My brother, in the heat of *his* passion, which also ran pretty high, lost himself so very far, as to drop the words peremptory, old fool. As scarcely any provocation could justify this, so scarcely any father could bear it. Mine could not; and had it not been evening, would have ordered his coach for Plymouth immediately.

He retired to the apartment of my mother, whither I followed as soon as I heard the succession. What supper we chose was served in that apartment, no application being made for reconciliation by the opposite party. Nay, so far did spleen predominate, that my brother and Mr. Caradoc actually rode out in the morning, and we were suffered to depart without seeing any one but Harriet, who, I am sorry to say, did not behave according to my ideas, of the fitness of things.

My father and mother were so pleased with my early succession on their side, that I am their dear, their darling daughter; they



they have almost begged my pardon for their late persecution, and, above all, for attending so little to my interest in the marriage articles. I, on my part, assure them that the diminution of my fortune never will give me the least imaginable pain; but to be restored to their paternal affection, is more pleasure than I am able to express; and that, except in the single point where my own happiness is so immediately concerned, never will I pretend to a will different from theirs. Yes, Julia, and I intend to keep my word too, as far as is possible for such a volatile mad-cap as your

LAURA STANLEY.

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*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**Y**OUR last letter, my Laura, has only served to strengthen my conviction, that whatsoever airs and graces your vivacity may sometimes infuse into your pen, your mode of action will be what it ought. I congratulate you on the propriety of this, in the late astonishing revolution of your house; I congratulate myself in possessing such a friend; and give me leave to do it also, that I am not your sister.

Oh,



Oh, my Laura, how terrible it must be to a woman to be forced to despise the man she has vowed to love and honour; and how could I not have despised a man capable of acting as your brother has done?

I never made it a secret to you, that I had given my heart's tenderest affections to Mr. Chesslyn; I have hitherto had no reason to repent the gift; but if I could suspect him of harbouring any of those *little* passions that contaminate the mind with meanness, that heart should break before I would unite my fate with his. Thank heaven, his faults, for faults he has, are of a contrary tendency. Generous to profusion, to worth in distress, and passionate to madness, when he sees humble poverty insulted by pride, or merit suffering under the gripe of rude authority.

In these faults he has a counterpart in doctor Gordon: this gentleman is neither handsome, nor ugly, tall nor short. His solid understanding gains him the esteem, his wit and humour, the love of all who know him. Betwixt the endeavour to conceal his keen sensibility at scenes of distress, and his eagerness to relieve, his actions have sometimes the appearance of singularity.

A few days since, he broke abruptly into the room where Mr. Melton, my father, Mr. Chesslyn, and myself, were enjoying  
“ the



“the feast of reason, and the flow of soul,” and, without the least attention to the common forms of salutation, gentlemen, says he, do me the favour to make me master of your purses for one three hours, for by my soul mine is empty. By heaven, if I could obtain them no other way, I believe I should rob you of them. Upon honour I am in sad earnest; life, liberty, and every thing dear to man, depends upon a moment. Each of us eagerly delivered him one, which he as eagerly clapt into his waistcoat pocket, and vanished in a moment.

I remember an observation you made, Laura, on reading Miss Sutton's letters, that you thought it a blemish, when she discontinued giving the form of the Scotch pronunciation. Mentioning this to her, she said, she found it was a very imperfect attempt, that it fatigued her to mispel *on set purpose*, and that having apprized her brother of it, she thought it better left to his own imagination. I follow her example; and whenever the doctor speaks, desire you will read it in broad or narrow Scotch, as you think proper.

He returned to dine with us, with quite another face, and, after the servants were withdrawn, gave us, in language I am sensible I spoil by endeavouring to imitate, the following account:

I had



I had been sent for about a fortnight since, says the doctor, to a poor woman, who lived in a little court near Drury-lane. There was an air of neatness in the poverty that surrounded her. A decent looking young man, who himself looked sickly, sat supporting her head upon his bosom, and three children, the youngest just able to walk, were playing on the floor. Doctor, says the man, I am ashamed to tell you that I have had the boldness to send for you, without being able to pay you your fee; but this young woman, without relief, must die; and if you dare trust a stranger I will work myself to a skeleton, as soon as I am able, to pay you and every body else, that has had the kindness to trust me during my long illness.

The poor fellow was almost a skeleton already, and thinking, when he was quite reduced, I could not lose much by taking him instead of the fees, I proceeded to enquire into my patient's case, who, it seems, having lately had a violent fever, through which she had struggled without medical assistance, was now dying of actual debility, for want of a due quantity of nourishing food.

Keep up your spirits, my good woman, says I, I will bring you certain relief in a quarter of an hour; I must see my prescription



scription made up. And I got it made up very soon, principally at a tavern. It was absolutely necessary also to attend the administration, lest it should have been unskilfully performed.

The needful being done, this, says I, to the young man, is the only kind of medicine your sister or you want at present; and, I doubt, it will be as difficult to procure, as any that come from an apothecary's. But as you are got into debt, you say, a guinea more or less is no great matter, and you may as well have me for a creditor as any body else. So, very unlike a Christian, I took thought for the morrow, of what they should eat, and what they should drink; to which, having added all the heart's ease I could procure, I took my leave.

It being a matter of great consequence to my reputation to cure these people, I was obliged to attend them every day; and, as soon as I was able to subdue the quivering lip, which would not do its part in the function of speech, I came to be honoured with an insight into their history, which, as it may be told in a few words, and has besides nothing at all in it, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of communicating.

The father was a journeyman carpenter at St. Alban's, and made his son a journeyman



man carpenter also. The daughter went young to service, and rose by degrees to the important station of woman to lady Mary Wingham. The father and mother died, the son continued to work at St. Albans, and the daughter fell in love with the butler. Now I have been told that the common order of progression of young people in love, is, first to get a livelihood; secondly, a house; thirdly, to get married; and, fourthly, to get children. How it happened I know not, but there is all the reason in the world to believe that this young couple begun at the wrong end of the progression, and went through it backward. The house proved to be a small coffee-house, which happened to be vacant at the critical instant; and being able of themselves and friends, to procure the sum of three hundred pounds, they set about the last of their progression with great spirit and alacrity.

The butler was a perfect master of his art, both in its scientific and practical parts, which was attended with this small inconvenience, that much too large a portion of his liquors coursed through his own bowels, instead of those of his customers. Yet he had the extreme felicity enjoyed by few, of reaching the end of his life, and of his means nearly at the same point of time.

The



The creditors, thinking such a man not fit to be trusted any longer, seized all his effects, except his wife, two children already born, and one that was only begotten. The woman found credit for a small apartment, took in needle-work, and sent word to her brother of her present situation.

The young man posted to town with ten pounds in his pocket, the sum of all his savings, and a soul that would have done honour to a prince. He took the little house in which they now live, hired himself in London, and supported his sister during her lying in; about five months ago he fell ill, and not having done a stroke of work since that time, his ready money slipped away, and he found himself involved in great and little debts, to the amount of almost the enormous sum of twenty pounds. But what of that, says he, we can live upon eleven shillings a week, I can get a guinea, and in a year's time, if God pleases, I shall be even with every body.

Be even with every body! poor fellow! Yes, thou art so, according to thy own reckoning; but it happened by the coincidence of a pair of events, which never coincided before that I know of, though extremely common in their separate capacities.



pacities. Going down the street this morning to work, a bailiff seized him on the right shoulder for a debt of ten pounds, at the same instant a press-gang took him on the left.

The first step in order to settle their pretensions was to a beer house ; but although this liquor has been invoked by several poets of reputation, for certain qualities of inspiration it has been thought to possess, it failed here of the end intended. Therefore each party having deputed one of it's gang for orders from higher powers, they consented to indulge the young man in his desire to return home a few minutes to comfort his poor sister. At the door he met a part of his goods moving off at the request of the landlord, for a whole year's rent.

At this critical instant I happened to arrive ; the young man, the picture of despair, was wringing his hands over his sister, who lay in a swoon, whilst the poor affrighted children had huddled themselves altogether under a table.

To apply to the peace-officer on the score of humanity, I knew was vain ; but as soon as I had informed the man of war that pity and benevolence were visible in all the features of his face, he assured me that he was of the same opinion ; and one guinea



guinea given to his gang to drink, procured the carpenter's delivery from this fet. By a similar argument I prevailed on the other two gangs to wait one hour, which I employed in committing my robbery of the morning here.

Nineteen pounds, eleven shillings, and sixpence, cleared their whole debts and charges, but having plenty of money, and being like the rest of my countrymen, fond of a good name, when it can be easily come by, I added ten guineas, whereat they made such horrible wry faces, that I ran away. After all, I believe I shall lose my fees by the rascal, for before this accident happened, there was such an air of comfort and plumpness in his looks, that his promise of becoming a skeleton for my use, seems quite out of his head.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, here are your purses, safe and sound, and all their contents, except, as before excepted. Settle your several proportions as you please; it is sufficient for me, like other despotic monarchs, to announce to my subjects the sum total of my wants. If they will do it, *quantum sufficit*, let them tax themselves, and welcome.

Julia, says my father, how many boys and girls have you got?

Nine, papa.

It



It is hard the poor carpenter should find himself yoked in wedlock all his life long, without any of its joys; and, as I, like this great prince here, am for turning all human accidents to my own advantage; if you, Julia, will take the children upon your list, I will settle the woman in a cheese and bacon coffee-house, at our village of Henneth, which really wants one; and as you, Julia, are determined to make this village a town, and fill it out of the highways and ditches, you have twenty years work for half a dozen carpenters, and as far as I know all sides may be benefited.

The doctor, whose hat happened to lie within his reach, took it up, and screwing hard the muscles of his face, threw it with great violence at a set of chessmen, who inoffensively stood upon a corner table. Down fell kings, queens, and bishops, and the doctor having quietly reinstated them, walked composedly back to his seat. The carpenter's affair was then settled more deliberately, and they are, if they like it, to be transported early in the spring.

By my soul, Mr. Foston, says the doctor, if you will not keep a father confessor, for the government of your conscience, you ought at least to keep a household physician to correct the errors of the first concoction; and if you will furnish me with a house;



house, that my Nancy, if I can get her, and I may dwell therein; and give me to eat of your meat, and drink of your drink, whenever I chuse to save my own; may I be eat by rats, if I don't leave the fine air of London, and all the pleasures thereof, and bury myself alive in the smoke, and dust, and noise, and hurry, of a Welch mountain.

And may I be worrid by cats, replies my father, if I accept the conditions. But as our household will be large, and our village larger, if you will contract to keep us all in repair for the moderate stipend of three hundred pounds, per annum, here is my hand, 'twill be the cheapest bargain, and one of the most pleasing I ever made in my life.

By the soul of Ossian, returns the doctor, I will have the post, and upon my own conditions. Neither will I be a physician of straw, but shall assume to myself the right of restraining within proper bounds your generosity, as well as your other inordinate appetites. Besides, ken you not that I am a mon of inheritance? Two hundred and seventy pounds per annum is regularly paid me for certain houses and lands in the neighbourhood of Inverness; two hundred more, upon the faith of a Scotchman, I engage to draw from



the ancient Britons, unless the territory is peopled only by goats; and the uncle of my Nancy is so obstinate a chiel, that he swears he will not give her unto me, to have her, and to hold, unless I will at the same time ease him of the incumbrance of five thousand pounds; and his nephew of the like sum when himself takes the road to Elysium. The last depredation, however, I by no means intend to commit, if the hot-headed young jontleman, my brother, will be pleased to keep his sword out of my guts, which, he assures me, he will make a scabbard of upon my refusal.

And he will keep his word, says Mr. Chesslyn, or if he won't I will.

This, Laura, is the most enormous packet I ever wrote; whether it will pay the postage I know not; but I give you leave to retaliate upon your

JULIA FOSTON.

*Laura to Julia.*

Plymouth.

**R**etaliation, as my spelling dictionary sayeth, is a returning like for like; an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth; but a Christian body, like me, seeketh not after revenge. And if I did, where should I find



I find it? My father and mother are indisposed; we are not in the world, and the world is not in us. Two letters, indeed, have arrived from Wigton, signed by personages, once known by the names of brother and sister; now better distinguished by those of Mr. Caradoc's wife, and Miss Caradoc's husband. They are wrote in a sort of a dignified way, rather expostulatory than submissive; and which have not convinced my father that he has more dutiful children than

Your humble Servant, Miss Stanley, says Mr. Thomas Sutton, cap in hand, as I was taking my morning's walk, the day after our arrival, with my maid, mistress Eleanor Randle. To what happy event do I owe the pleasure of this agreeable surprize?

I have been driven into this port by a storm.

May you find shelter. But have the goodness to explain the metaphor.

In plain English then, I am turned out of my father's house.

More enigmatical still. For what offence? Obedience.

Dear Laura! how you love to perplex?

Don't all dear Laura's do the same? but I tell you, here are honest Nell and I turned out into the wide world to seek our fortune; arn't we, Nell?



Would to heaven, I could understand  
———.

Ay, that was Solomon's wish, and when he obtained it, he found out that woman, as well as every thing else, was vanity. Depend upon it, friend, you are in danger of making the same discovery.

Not these thirty good years at least. But, dear Laura, keep me no longer in torment.

Ease my labouring bosom of its pangs. Yes, hapless youth, I will. Know you Mr. Abraham Pymnel of Carmarthen?

I have heard of him —— to my sorrow.

And I to mine. This man of wealth and philosophy, having taken a liking to my curvetings, and prancings, at Caradoc-hall, came to Wigton to buy me for a wife. No steed that Newmarket ever produced, was ever bid for at so high a rate. The best bargain that ever was struck, was spoiled by my running rusty. My brother proved incontestibly that I was the damndest fool in Devonshire. I told him his arguments were pregnant with sense, reason, and politeness; but being his dear sister, I thought I had a right to partake with him, the exemption he claimed of not being influenced by any of these. Then did my dear brother swear his swearing over again. Then did he inform papa  
how



how a beggarly fellow, ycleped Thomas Sutton, a squire of low degree, had had the insolence to make love to me at Henneth castle and was, he supposed, the cause of my preposterous and undutiful behaviour.

Good heaven and earth! Miss Stanley, are you serious?

Yes, arn't I, Nell? A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it, with your flames and darts. I always told you your folly and presumption would meet with their rewards.

But as you never would take advice, you must take consequences. I suppose I can learn to milk, and make butter; and Nell here, if you can teach her Welch, will sell it at Cardigan market, as well as ——— Miss Stanley!

Mr. Sutton!

If you have the least spark of pity and compassion in your nature, do not any longer distract me.

See, Nell, the very mention of matrimony drives the man mad. False to his vows, as I live.

What a fool am I! this gait is incompatible with so horrid a circumstance.

Ay, the first symptom of a man's recovering his senses, is the acknowledgement of his folly. If I could depend upon your being sound of mind for one half hour, I



would tell you every bit of the sad serious tale.

He promised, and I performed. But then, Julia, poor youth, a fit of a different kind seized him; a fit of softness. Soft is synonymous with silly Julia, is it not? He did vow and protest, that if the diminution, or the total loss of my fortune, would pave the way to a hope, he had never yet dared to admit he should think it the most fortunate circumstance of his life.

In short he said so many foolish things, and folly is so catching, that ——— So no more at present from

Your's to command,

LAURA STANLEY.

*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**I**F wonder be admiration, Laura, I admire you more and more. But that I may know with what quantity of applause to season this admiration, condescend to instruct me how much of a vivacity so uncommon, in circumstances so serious, is to be set down to the account of reflection or philosophy, and how much to the “heedless temper no husband can bear?”

As



As far as my slender capacity can judge of character, this Mr. Thomas Sutton, this 'squire of low degree, is one of the worthiest, as well as one of the best natured of human beings; and though he may not deserve the daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, he deserves at least as much happiness as any daughter of Eve can bestow upon him. For which reason, if my Laura will listen to the admonitions of her friend, she will be careful both of his peace of mind and her own; nor raise a hope, which, if her power should prove unequal to her will, may hereafter be succeeded by despair.

My dear Laura, I am, at this instant of writing, weeping with excess of pleasure; a tender melancholy invades me, from a cause which would make most other people overflow with joy; my poor philosophy cannot assign the cause of such an effect.

In the parlour below, I have left Mr. Melton seated beside his happy daughter, his hand locked in her's, their silent eyes superseding all the use and all the desire of words.

It brings to my mind Rousseau's picture of a breakfast scene after the English manner, on the meeting of Saint Preux and Eloisa, after many years absence.

There are the two Mr. Chesslyns, their eyes sparkling with the most lively pleasure,



sure, from the truly fraternal emotions of their hearts, endeavouring, in their usual way, to abuse one another.

The doctor and Mrs. Tyrrel are supporting a humorous dialogue, and my father is enjoying his own benevolent feelings in silence. This scene I have left, my Laura, to write to you—and to cry.

These valued friends arrived last night a little before supper, having sent an express from Southampton, where they had persuaded the Dutch captain to land them, by a purse of twenty guineas.

Mr. Melton, uncommonly agitated, begged permission to receive his daughter in a parlour alone.

On her alighting, I clasped the dear trembling girl in my arms, who returned my embrace with transport, not a word escaping her lips, and her eyes wandering in search of her father.

I led her to the door of the room, saw them rush into each other's arms, and was retiring as quick as possible, when I perceived them sink gently on the floor together.

The old gentleman was so little sensible of his daughter's having fainted, that he was stifling her in his bosom with the utmost fondness. Without calling any other spectator to this scene, for it was not wholly



unexpected, I applied the usual remedies of fair water and salts, and had the pleasure to see her revive immediately ; and as the old man “hung over her enamoured,” she threw her arms around his neck, and glued her lips to his, in speechless extasy. In this situation I left them, and went to welcome Mr. Cheslyn and Mrs. Tyrrel. In half an hour we were all summoned to supper, where we supported, very ill, a disjointed conversation, till Miss Melton declared her wish of retiring to rest.

After devoting this day to the society of his friends, Mr. Henry Cheslyn goes to Deptford to attend the widow of his new friend captain Suthall ; and after the funeral is over, the duty of his executorship will carry him to Plymouth for a month. Mr. Sutton has been requested to stay till his arrival, and transact a few preparatory matters. Adieu,

JULIA FOSTON.

*Laura to Julia.*

Plymouth.

**T**HAT you may not waste your admiration upon the idle air, Julia, take the following little tale, which, knowing your want of learning, child, I have been



at the trouble to translate from an old Greek manuscript, found in one of my antiquarian researches.

Once upon a time, when the Athenians and Lacedemonians were at war, there lived, in Athens, two very pretty girls.

Their father, who was a captain, had a comfortable estate in land, which happened to be situated near the borders of the Spartan territory. Now it came to pass, that news arrived at Athens of the defeat of their army, and the loss of a long tract of confine; and to the young ladies, of the death of their father, and, consequently, of the loss of all their worldly wealth.

All Athens grieved, and did not go to the theatre that day. The next, they laughed and joked, as the citizens of Paris did, after the battle of Malplaquet.

Some time after, the eldest of the two ladies, says to the other, sister, our ruin is compleat; nothing is left us but sorrow.

We are not obliged to accept the inheritance, says the youngest.

Alas! nothing else is left us, replies the other.

I give up my portion, says the youngest; and immediately trips away to a very sprightly seller of silks, who had sworn, by Mars and Apollo, he loved her infinitely better than his mother.

Leander,



Leander, says she, we have lost our father, and our wealth ; nothing is left us but sorrow ; and sorrow is not to my taste. I am determined to make you happy, since you say, it is solely in my power. Lead me to the temple of Juno.

Yes, miss, the power of giving happiness is your's, and your's alone ; but the best road to it lies through the temple of Venus. That of Juno is up to the knees in dirt, and clogged with briars and thorns.

They disputed some time, without being able to weaken the attachment of each other to their particular deity. She leaves him, and flies to Alcippus, a very honest and agreeable young olive merchant.

I am come to make you happy, says she ; my father is killed, my fortune lost, and nothing is left me but sorrow. I had rather pickle olives. Lead me to the temple of Juno.

With more pleasure, says he, than I would lead thither Cydippe, the daughter of Ariston, the Areopagite.

They burnt incense upon the altar of Juno, without more delay.

The eldest, in the mean time, the darling child of sensibility, stayed at home to enjoy her inheritance ; expecting, every day, the presence of Alcander, son of the Archon of Athens, to share it with her.



Alcander was a young orator, in the zenith of reputation, and was, at that time, so much engaged in persuading the mob of Athens to mind state affairs, that he never once thought of his beautiful Melpomene. And as a lapse of memory in this particular, is, and hath been, a most unpardonable offence, the pride and delicacy of young ladies will seldom admit the thought of making a remonstrance.

From this circumstance, she derived so large an addition to her inheritance; her cup of sorrow always full to the brim, afforded her such copious draughts, that notwithstanding all her sister could say, nay, though she assisted largely in emptying her cup, a very few weeks conveyed this poor martyr of sensibility to the Elysian shades.

Soon after this event, the Athenians were victorious; the territory was retaken, and the estate reverted to the fair olive merchant; who, for fear of such another slippery accident, got it converted into drachmas. After this, says the manuscript, they begat sons and daughters, and died in a good old age.

I hope, by this time, madam Julia, you may be a little ashamed of your insinuation of the 'heedless temper;' and, for the future, place all my *égaremens*, whether  
you



you chuse to distinguish them by the names of vivacities, caprices, or follies; to the account of my wisdom, my philosophy; and, above all, my knowledge of Greek.

And now I come to the second part of your performance, which treats of happiness, hope, and despair.

Alas! your sagacious admonitions, sweet daughter of prudence, came too late. After many vehement expostulations with the "best natured of human beings," concerning his folly and rashness, in pure pity to the infirmities of human nature, I have promised him, Julia, absolutely promised him, that within the compass of ten years, be the same, as the lawyers say, more or less, I will go with him to the temple of Juno, provided I can gain my father's consent——and my own.

Before I can give you the why and the wherefore of this, I must make you acquainted with another rapid and most extraordinary revolution at Wigton-hall. Farmer Spriggins, doeth suit and service to my maid Mrs. Eleanor Randle, and came to Plymouth a few days ago, to pay personal homage.

Strange doings, Mrs. Ellen, at the hall, since you left; all topsy-turvy now.

Oh dear, now, Mr. Spriggins, do tell me all about it.

Nay,



¶ Nay, I knows nothing about particulars; only I hears the upper servants han all gin warning; and, between you and I, they talken o' madam, as how she's a fool; and its thought by some, there's bad blood already 'tween landlord and she; and poor Miss Harriet as was, is no much better off with her husband, than Mr. William with his wife. But I tell you, I knows nothing about it; for a body cannot go to'th hall now, as one used to do, and get a can o' good October.

You will allow, Julia, that here was reasonable matter to excite curiosity, but it remained ungratified two days. At length arrives Mr. Smith, the good old steward, a servant of forty years standing, with the unaccountable luck to have every body's good word.

The old man, when introduced to my father and mother, was utterly unable to speak; all he could do, was to kiss their hands, and burst into tears. He would have kissed mine also, but I have so long loved the venerable old man, that I made no scruple to kiss him, like a father. To this kindness I added a biscuit, and a couple of glasses of wine; for all which he desired God would bless me; and then gave us, in his methodical manner, the present state of affairs at the hall.

About



About a week since, says he, Mrs. Nelthorp, the house-keeper, with great humility, and some tears, informed my master that she found herself under the necessity of quitting her place, and should consider it as an obligation, to be permitted to leave as soon as possible. My master demanded her reasons. There were some peculiarities in her lady's temper, she said, with which she found it impossible to comply.

In an hour after, the Butler and Cook preferred a petition to the same import. The first said he had always had the power of giving away a jug of beer, and a glass of wine, according to his own opinion of what was proper for the honour of the house. This was taken away, and he had, besides, received reprimands from his lady, for offences he never committed. The Cook (an unpolished animal) swore that his lady's orders were so damn'd whimsical and contradictory, that sometimes he could not understand, and oftner could not execute them.

My master was, at this time, in his study, where I happened to be with him, about another affair, which I am sorry he should think of at all, much more at such a time as this. It was about raising the tenants over again, for, in the advance about ten  
yea s



years ago, he said they were raised only half what they ought to have been. I begged him to suspend that design, at least till the war was over. As he would listen to nothing against it, I was just requesting he would be pleased to appoint another agent, when the Cook and Butler entered.

My master, much agitated, went to seek Mrs. Caradoc. What he said to her I know not, but it seems she soon after sent for Mrs. Nelthorp to sound her more particularly about the nature of her complaints. Mrs. Nelthorp, I doubt, gave her too copious a detail; for it is seldom necessary, and can hardly ever be right, to render a husband more quick-sighted to the faults of his wife. My lady's errors arose from meddling with what she did not understand; but were, I fear, aggravated by a learned pride, that would not let her suppose she could be mistaken.

Be this as it will, it was visible to the servants who waited, that a very violent quarrel had arisen.

How it began, or how it was conducted, we know not; but it ended in that hot-headed Welch gentleman's taken away his sister, yesterday, from the hall, and setting out for Wales.

My father and mother lifted up their hands in great amazement, and exclaimed both at once, what, without his wife?



There is reason to believe, replies the steward, that Mrs. Caradoc refused to accompany them. Both she and my master have been excessively uneasy ever since; and he, this morning, sent me off hither to beg your pardon and my lady's for their past behaviour, and to beg you will either return to the hall, or permit them to wait upon you here, in order to receive your advice how to proceed.

A visible joy appeared in the countenances of my father and mother at this conclusion; for, as sayeth one of my old Greeks, repentance of a beloved child is always welcome to the heart of a parent.

Debating some time about the option offered them of returning to the hall, they condescended to ask Mr. Smith's opinion.

He gave it decidedly for receiving their visit here, and then surprized us all by this pathetic address :

I have now been your servant, my good old master, upwards of forty years, during which I have been so kindly treated, that I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to say, the cold duty of a servant has given place to a much warmer sentiment. I beg it may be imputed to this cause and not to impertinence that I now presume to intrude my advice.

Be reconciled, my good Sir, to your son  
and



and daughter, live with them upon those terms of kindness, which the paternal relation requires, but live in separate households. The temper of my young master is not adapted for controul, and little subjects of controvery would daily arise, that might embitter your latter days. For my part, I am now too old, to contend against the passions of youth, and have determined to retire from business upon that little competency, which, I am sure, you will be pleased to know I have saved for the support of my age.

And oh, my good Sir, in the choice of a husband for my dear young lady present, do not be biaſſed by wealth or grandeur, for which, I am sorry to say, I fear, my young master and Miss Harriet, have bartered peace of mind for ever.

Life is not life, without content, and content is not to be found in an alliance with repugnant tempers, though possessed of the riches of Cræſus: Permit your lovely daughter to seek her kindred heart. She will find it in a bosom as gentle as her own.

Once more I entreat your pardon. Then bursting into tears, he hurried out of the room.

My father and mother were both affected; he, without saying any thing, went  
out,



out, and returned immediately with Mr. Smith, whom he called his good old friend, and thanked for his cordial advice.

Yes, says he, after a pause, Laura *shall* chuse for herself, only let the choice fall upon a gentleman, who will not disgrace an ancient family. Let it not fall upon that Sutton.

It shall never, says I, fall upon any man whom my father and mother disapprove. I have, at present, no wish so great as to live with my honoured parents, and shew the respectful duty which my heart feels.

But, the occasion calling for my utmost sincerity, will my dear father give me leave to ask his objections to a man, whom, I think, he hath never seen.

Your brother, my dear, called him a man of no birth, and a beggar.

My brother, Sir, lived with this beggar at Henneth castle, in the greatest familiarity. Pardon me, if I say, in the manners and liberal behaviour of a gentleman, he is my brother's superior.

Laura, does not this warm encomium shew that he has already engaged your affections?

I confess it, Sir.

Indeed, child, I am sorry to hear you say this.

You need not, Sir, ; he knows it not,  
nor



nor ever shall, till I have your permission to impart it.

How had he the presumption, says my mother, in his situation and circumstances, to address the daughter of Sir Richard Stanley?

Till our arrival at Plymouth, madam, he never did presume it; all my brother alludes to, was mere jest and pleasantry. Here, indeed, having heard a story falsely told, concerning my ruined fortune, he confessed his affection in the deepest tone of sorrow, and offered me —— all he had to offer.

To be a steward's wife, says my mother. He has certainly accepted agencies from Mr. Foston, and Mr. John Cheslyn, to the amount of four hundred pounds a year. If this be an indelible disgrace in your eyes, Sir, I shall be sorry; but I shall be obedient also.

This, in itself, says the good old steward, can never be deemed a disgrace in a man, in other respects, a gentleman, since it is the condition of many worthy members of parliament. But if this be all his property, my dear young lady ——.

I know what you would say, Sir; he is heir to eight hundred pounds a year.

Then I hope my good master will let affection



fection take its course. The gentleman has a worthy character.

Do you know him, Mr. Smith, says my father?

Not personally, Sir. Mr. Cheslyn's tenants, whom he has been lately amongst, speak of him with the greatest respect.

Well, says my father, we will talk of this hereafter.

And now, Julia, read this long epistle over again, and take notice what an altered body I am! How staid, grave, serious and dutiful! Not one capriole, not one *le volt* since I left Athens. This comes of poring over Greek. Oh, Julia, that you would but apply your mind to learning, child, and imitate, in all things, as far as your inferior talents will permit

Your prudent friend,

LAURA STANLEY.

*Julia to Laura.*

London.

**R**EALLY, Miss Laura, you give yourself so many self-sufficient airs about your learning, that I am afraid, the Christian virtue of humility goes out of you, as your heathen Greek enters. Not to be

un-



ungrateful however, (for ingratitude is no better than pride) for the pains you have taken for my instruction, and to shew you I am not altogether so illiterate as you may think; in return for your old Greek manuscript, making such honourable mention of the battle of Malplaquet, I will translate you a little piece from the Arabic, wherein you will find the opinion of the caliph Al-ma-moun, upon the decisive battle betwixt the French and English fleets on the 27th of July last.

That steward of yours, my dear Laura, is a divine old man; I absolutely envy you the kiss you gave him. I am enchanted with the whole of that conversation, and more particularly with the *naivetè* of the confession of your faith in Mr. Sutton; for although I knew long ago, you loved him, I did not imagine your ladyship had equal sagacity. This affair I flatter myself will secure me two of the nearest wishes of my heart. It will secure the happiness of my dearest friend, and it will secure the sweetest fruits of friendship, perpetual society.

Let me turn the attention of my Laura to what passes here, upon a similar subject. Many and fierce have been the contentions between Messrs. the Cheslyns and doctor Gordon on the one part, and three spinsters of the names of Camitha, Ann, and Julia, on



on the other. The first contending to reduce the latter into bondage, and the latter, yet a little while, to preserve their liberty.

The advocates for freedom had much the advantage of their antagonists in that part of speech, which I believe grammarians call quantity, and would have reduced them to silence, if not to submission, had not a tribe of fathers and uncles, self constituted judges, under pretence of keeping the peace, given a decree directly in favour of slavery. An instrument containing a contract, a preamble, and an arrangement, has been drawn up by the hands of the learned doctor Gordon in consequence, and is as follows:

Man, by fundry shallow naturalists, and others, hath been called a social animal; but a little enquiry into the world as it goes, will convince us that he is only gregarious.

To see and to be seen, to visit and to be visited, by all the world, hath also been called sociability; when, in fact, it is only a herding together.

The requisites for this are fine cloaths, cards, tea, coffee, chocolate, and scandal. Whereas for true sociability, friendship, esteem, and confidence, are constituent principles.

A certain James Foston, Esq. having taken these premises into consideration,  
and



and conceiving it would be for the good of the species, if it could be taught to *associate* rather than to *herd*, doth appoint himself to be the world's school master, and professeth to teach by example.

To carry this great work into execution, he hath established his dwelling upon Mount Henneth, in the land of the ancient Britons, because from the days of Julius Cæsar, to those of the bold baron North, and the good knight Probert, they have shewed themselves — so easy to be governed.

On the east side of the said mountain, he hath determined, after the example of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, to build himself a green, to be called the green of association.

But he hath not, like Sir Benjamin, determined to people the said green with vice and folly, to the utter exclusion of common sense, and common gratitude. On the contrary he chuseth to dwell therein.

Any man of title, who came into the possession thereof, not by descent, or court favour; but by virtue *only*.

Any man of wealth, who will spend a moiety of his revenue, in the purchase of felicity for others.

Any man of learning, who will take the trouble to compare the utility of Greek and Latin,



Latin, with plough driving, and assign the preference without partiality.

Any statesman, whose endeavours have been to turn the wheel of state against the stream of corruption.

Any bishop who can demonstrate to the general conviction of America, that the pastoral staff was made for the benefit of mankind.

Any benificed clergyman who, without impeachment of his christian verity, will undertake to say, *nolo episcopari*.

Any lady of quality who loves her husband better than a rout, and her children better than flattery and admiration.

Any lady who having by accident flided in her youth, hath recovered the lapse by a chastity of ten unspotted years, and a prudence that hath sustained all the attacks of calumny, save only those of beaux and antient maiden ladies at the tea table.

The said James Foston, not having been yet able, probably from the want of notoriety of his scheme, to collect tenants qualified as above, finds himself under a necessity of accepting such as he can get, in order to make a beginning; and hath accordingly accepted,

First, John Cheslyn; Esq; because he is not altogether so great a fool as a man of his fortune customarily is.

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Secondly,



Secondly, Henry Chesslyn, Gent. his brother; because he is almost the only young gentleman of his age, who would not rather carry a beautiful girl into a house of ill-fame, than fetch her out.

Thirdly, Thomas Sutton, Gent. because the man is of a sheepish disposition; and had not spirit enough to prefer gaming or the gallows, to the dull arts of industry.

Fourthly, Doctor Gordon, a Scotchman; because the fellow hath much impudence, and is considered as a phenomenon.

But as it is the opinion of certain moralists, that every iota of happiness obtained, must be paid for some way or other, and that matrimony is generally found a sufficient compensation for any bliss this world is known to afford; the said James Foston doth decree, that these four elect do take unto himself every man a wife.

And first, he giveth unto John Chesslyn, Esq; his own daughter, because the girl is so ignorant of life, as to conceive that love is the best foundation on which matrimony can be built; and in a paroxysm of frenzy, the man hath said, I love thee infinitely.

To Henry Chesslyn he assigneth Camitha Melton, because of the young woman's headstrong disobedience; to—the best of mother's.

To



To Thomas Sutton he giveth Laura Stanley, if she can be so blind to her own interest, as to prefer happiness and friendship, to a coronet and the——

And to doctor Gordon he granteth Ann Sutton, a peaceable, inoffensive young woman, whom, it is supposed, the said doctor hath phylactered into love.

Besides these animals of the yoke, four others are to be provided with arm chairs and flannels, and to be considered as semi-affociators. Namely,

James Foston, the projector.

William Melton, who having taken a dislike to the deceit of courtiers, is desirous to lead a retired life.

Samuel Sutton, whose soul, like the soul of Saul, hath been converted from passion to peace, by the voice and harp of that sweet singer of Israel, Ann Sutton.

Hannah Tyrrel, a spinster of forty, who having made a vow of virginity, chuses to keep it without the walls of nunnery.

Finally, the contracting powers, or as many as it may suit, do agree to marry one another on or about the 1st of March next ensuing, and afterwards proceed to Henneth castle in a body, and plunder the said James Foston into repentance.

Heigh-ho, Laura; as bride, or bride-maid, remember the 1st of March ——  
Adieu, JULIA FOSTON.



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*Laura to Julia.*

Plymouth.

I Cannot at present, my dear Julia, take the notice I wish, of your agreeable letter, and the doctor's whimsical state of your future arrangement. My mind is at present torn to pieces in resentment. Julia, I am a prisoner in my father's house.

As well as this resentment will permit, I will give you an account of our transactions.

The old steward set off for Wigton the next morning, and the day following arrived my brother and sister.

I do not love this brother and sister, Julia.

This sentiment so bold, so harsh, so opposite to good and gentle natures, if it appears so atrocious to myself, what will it do to the well corrected mind of Julia? But before you sign my condemnation, determine how far I am culpable for a feeling, heaven knows I regret, and which is obtruded upon me in spite of myself.

Would you believe it, Julia! After the reconciliation had proceeded according to form, and my father and mother were acquainted with the particular reasons for this doughty quarrel, my brother took the trouble to recapitulate mine. This brought  
on



on a repetition of our conversation with the good old steward; and my confession of faith, as you call it in Mr. Sutton. My brother stormed and raved; my sister insinuated the ancient plea of, disgrace to the family. So zealous were their acclamations, that my poor father and mother, wholly converted from the old steward's humble way of thinking, absolutely interdicted me from seeing, or corresponding with, Mr. Sutton, on pain of their displeasure.

Hitherto, my spirits being uncommonly low, I had not answered, but with tears. Even these were construed into an indication of stubbornness. Not content with silence, they demanded from me a full promise of acquiescence; urged over again and again that preposterous match with Pymnel; and concluded that it would be necessary to have recourse to other methods to break my undutiful, my refractory spirit; an humble diet, and the solitude of my own apartment, would, they doubted not, effect the desired change.

Julia, when anger is kindled by insult, the humanity of our laws changes even murder into the mild appellation of manslaughter. I plead, upon the same principle, for your pardon for the following bold reply:



Addressing my father; you will pardon me, Sir, if I express my astonishment at your sudden change of sentiment, and of your solemn promise made to a child who never offended you even in thought; in pure compliment to children who have treated you in a manner I blush to think of.

To you, Sir, and to my revered mother, I owe all the duties of a child, and hope I shall always be permitted to pay them.

But to you, Sir, (turning to my brother) I owe none, and none will I pay. Since you have been pleased to cast me from your affection, I scorn to claim alliance with those noble qualities of the heart, your pride and avarice.

The mean arts you have already practiced with regard to my fortune, I might have overlooked; desirous to see a brother's actions in the fairest light, I might have imputed them to some cause, that would not absolutely have disgraced a gentleman, had not your recent behaviour put it past a doubt.

Take what you have got. Take all, if you will leave me peace. I resign it with pleasure. I resign with it the rank you esteem so highly; and the manners, since such are the manners of wealth and greatness.

As to your base, unmanly, pitful, menace



nace of confinement, insult me with the execution if you dare. However you may use my honoured father's name, the malignant author cannot be mistaken. From that moment I renounce all consanguinity with you for ever and for ever.

Saying this, I retired to my chamber, and gave a loose to my tears. Within an hour I received my father's orders not to stir from my apartment without his leave.

My dear Julia, I know not what your sentiments of my conduct will be; but I know my own heart. I solemnly affirm, that before this treatment, my duty was unimpeachable; my intentions direct and honourable. But my spirit revolts against so unmerited a persecution; nor will I bear it, be the consequence what it may. Julia, you will soon see, or hear of, your injured

LAURA.

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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Plymouth.

**W**HAT planetary conjunction governs this nether world, Jack? That I, one of the quietest men in it, and as little given to war and bloodshed as thyself, cannot get along without a rap upon the pate.



On my arrival here, the first interesting object was poor Tom, with a long face, and sighing like a furnace, because forsooth, his dulcified Laura, for three successive days had forsook her wonted path, the downland lawn; and had not so much as sent her handmaid, Nell, to impart a dram of comfort. Her father's house, and the vulgar method of inquiry of servants, had been both interdicted by her; and now he had nothing left to do, but to hope as much as he was able, and to fear — he knew not what.

I consoled the lad after thy manner, Jack, by a long harangue in praise of his folly, and with the pretty appellations of fool and blockhead. Nor was this the whole of my spleen, being determined to go and tell Laura herself of the whimpering puppy. So putting on decent apparel, I took myself to the knight's, and enquired for Miss Stanley. Answer, she was not at home. I sent in my name to Sir Richard, expecting it would be a ready passport to his presence; instead of which, being shewn into an empty parlour, I was surprized by the appearance of Mr. Stanley, the married man.

Not having seen the gentleman since his nuptials, I was moving to give him joy thereof, *et dextram dextra jungere*, when I  
was



was stopped by an air of *fiercé*. He desired to know my commands. I came to pay my respects to Miss Stanley, with compliments to Sir Richard and lady Stanley, from Mr. and Miss Foston.

Sir Richard Stanley, he said, was then indisposed, and I must pardon him for thinking I knew more of Miss Stanley's present residence, than any person in that house.

Had the man been any thing of a physiognomist, he might have discovered in me, indubitable marks of surprize.

I desired an explanation.

The enquiry he said was ridiculous; I, who knew of her infamous attachment to my beggarly friend, was, no doubt, privy also to her elopement with him.

Infamous attachment, Mr. Stanley! This is extraordinary language for a most deserving sister. Her name and infamy cannot be joined together; nor should they with impunity, by any man less related to her, than a father or a brother.

My Quixote disposition, he said, was as well known as I could wish; but notwithstanding the terror of my name, he should take the liberty to disclaim all relation to her, and an acquaintance with those who support her in disobedience.

Admire my patience, Jack! I neither



spit in his face, nor laid my cane over his shoulders.

I thank you, Sir, says I, in the name of them all, for your renunciation. Upon my honour, I will never beseech you to retract it. But for your sister's sake, I must endeavour to rectify one misconception. Her elopement, if it is an elopement, I have the first information of it from yourself; and as to Mr. Sutton, I left him within this half hour, at his own lodgings, lamenting, in fact, the not having heard from, or of her, the three last days.

And you came hither to procure him intelligence?

Why not, Sir?

A very honourable business! To promote a fellow without a shilling property, your brother's steward, to the daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, to my sister, Sir!

Your sister, Sir! upon my word, in enumerating the perfections of his mistress, my friend has always unaccountably forgot this last great excellence; unless, as the fellow has odd notions, he may have taken it into his head, that this may be rather a draw-back, than an addition.

Sir, says he, his right hand touching the hilt of his sword, my father's house is your protector.

Most kindly considered, Sir; perhaps most disinterestedly, Your



Your insolence, Sir, says he, is not to be born; drawing his sword, when in rushed Sir Richard, followed by his lady, screaming like a ——— woman. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, desist, says the good old knight. What is the matter?

This is Harry Chesslyn, Sir, says Stanley, the friend of that scoundrel, Sutton, the ravisher of your daughter, come under the insidious guise of a friend, with the intentions of a spy.

Have some respect, Mr. Stanley, to the presence of your father; it is really indecent to abuse his ear, with assertions you yourself know to be untrue. I came to pay my respects to you, Sir Richard, at the request of Mr Foston and my brother. Your son has thought proper to prohibit this. He has also thought proper to treat me with the native elegance of a porter. I feel such infinite contempt for the gentleman, that I can easily overlook it; but to you, Sir Richard and lady Stanley, I should be glad to pay my respects alone. Sir Richard looked queer, and said nothing. My lady gabled much like unto a turkey cock; whose language, not having the honour to understand, I made the best bow I had, and departed.

I made myself sure of an invitation from Mr. Stanley for the next morning, on



which account I chose to acquaint Tom only, with the elopement of Laura, and and very little respecting her brother. To-morrow and to-morrow came, and brought nothing hostile with them. The second evening I heard at the coffee-house, that an express having arrived from Sir Owen Caradoc's, Mr. Wm. Stanley and his sister were that day gone off post for Wales.

Then I ventured to let Tom into the whole of our discourse, of which I have given thee, Jack, only the marrow.

A man of observation, like me, is always picking up something useful either for the soul or body. To my store of axioms, I added one more, on this occasion. "If a man can contrive to be eternally in a rage, he may bid defiance to love, and all it's pangs." Tom thought no more of Laura, than he did of Semiramis. Friendship had like to have gone after love, for he began to abuse me for my ungenerous silence, which had robbed him of the pleasure of cutting Stanley's throat—— honourably. But the time may come yet, says Tom.

Yea, lad, a man may always find time to get to the gallows. Come — here's Laura to thee in a bumper.

Tom drank, and fell into a profound reverie. I drank, and talked as wisely

as



as old Nestor. At length, having gone through the human head, brains, and all, physiologically; I was proceeding to do the same thing—spiritually, when Tom broke forth with a——a——Mr. Cheslyn, if you could spare me from Plymouth, I should like to take a ride to Henneth Castle, to see if things are right, and put them into a train against spring.

Yea Thomas; things must be sadly disordered in the long space of a month; and thou would'st soon set e'm to rights I warrant thee, but Laura is not in Wales, tho' her brother is. Whom if thou should'st by any chance happen to kill, Laura *must* not love thee; and if he killeth thee, she *will* not, at least to any purpose.

Upon the road I dined with old Mr. Folton, and his maiden daughter. Both overflowed in blessings upon the son and brother; who, the old gentleman said had rendered his life comfortable as age would permit. He wished only for one thing in life, to see as often as might be, his son and grand-daughter.

Say something, Jack, fit to be said, from me.

Good things are little the manufacture of thy brain, whatsoever they may be of thy brother's

HENRY CHESLYN.  
*Miss*



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*Miss Stanley, to her Father.*

London.

Most Honoured Sir,

**P**ERMIT me to address you and my ever dear mother, in my usual stile of duty and affection. These are as real, as my disobedience is only apparent. Impute not to me a crime I disavow, as I never have for a moment imputed to you, an usage, the remembrance of which, will be heavy upon me, through life.

Let me intreat you for a moment to look back upon the circumstances that preceded these disgraceful insults. When I possessed the most implicit duty to your commands, I was perfectly sincere. You gave credit to my sincerity; you treated me as your child; my heart is all your own. I would have died sooner than have broke the promise I made, of not engaging with Mr. Sutton against your consent. If I could not obtain this, consistently with the most respectful submission, I had determined, whatsoever it might cost, to sacrifice my young affections, to my duty.

Such was the state of my mind on my brother's arrival.

Think, my honoured father, what indignation a young heart, conscious of it's integrity,



integrity, unfullied innocence, and determined duty, must feel at the treatment I received. My honour suspected, and my word considered as of no value. My person confined as if I had actually disgraced my family by a harlot's wantonness; and all this by a brother, recent in his want of filial respect for yourself.

My dear sir, this brother never can forgive me; he has injured me too much. It is therefore of infinite importance to me, not to subject myself to his imperious temper. A few days since an union with Mr. Sutton, was a weak picture of the imagination, scarce formed into a desire; my brother has now made it, the wish of reason. It will be the cement of friendship, virtue, and all the social affections. It presents me with a prospect of as much happiness as I can enjoy, secluded from the affection of my parents. But, if the choice is permitted, to this affection I wish to return. If I may be allowed to return, to live as a daughter, to manifest a daughter's tenderness, and to receive a daughter's best reward, a parent's love, it is all I ask.

Do not imagine Mr. Sutton is the companion of my flight; I assure you he knows nothing of it. I have no confidants, no companion except my maid. I flew to my  
friend



friend Miss Foston. Hard, to be forced to receive that kindness from a stranger, a brother's cruelty denies. Shelter me, dear Sir, from his unkindness, and let me be again,

Your dutiful daughter,

LAURA STANLEY

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*Mr. John Chestyn to his Brother.*

London.

**P**OOOR Harry! yet if thou must needs be cramming thy adventurous nose into all kinds of matter, why shouldst thou blame the planets, if it should be now and then led into a stink.

Thank thee, for thy axiom. In my common place book, it is down in these words. A man who hath always a burning fever, need not be afraid of an ague. Deep, Harry, deep!

The most probable cause why thou didst not see the lovely Laura at Plymouth, was, her being then upon the road to London.

She arrived in the evening, fatigued and dejected, without having stopt, or scarcely eat from the time of her setting out.

Being refreshed with a night's rest, and still more by the assurance of Julia's undiminished



diminished friendship, she recovered something of her former spirits, and at breakfast gave us the following relation.

I finished my last letter to you, Julia, in my prison house, not with tears and contrition as a good girl ought, but in high dudgeon and resentment. My supper was brought me, without message or apology. All the comfort I had, was in the pity of the good people in the kitchen, who, as Nell told me, agreed that I was worth half a dozen of my sister, and as many such brothers as would stand in a line betwixt there and Wigton Hall. No invitation to breakfast. About eleven, I had the favour of a visit from my sister, who began to give me a great deal of good advice. I laid the bible before her, opened at Solomon's proverbs, and told her, if she would please to read them to me, it would save her the fatigue of invention, and was quite as much to the purpose, as any thing she could say.

She left me in a mighty passion, which she found means to communicate to the gentle breast of my brother, who entered my room, swearing my proud heart should bend or break.

I was resolved upon neither, and therefore very composedly began to read in a very *apropos* novel, called the Brother.

Now



Now this was wrong, for I could neither edify in a proper manner, by the book, or by the copious torrent of eloquence issuing from my brother's mouth. It rolled rapidly on for near half an hour, before it shewed any signs of diminution. At length, shewing him the title page, I asked, if he had sat for his picture to the author, which was so amazingly well drawn, that I could recognize every feature.

Instead of returning me a civil answer, he snatched the book politely out of my hand, and skimming it to the other side of the room, what should it encounter, but my poor dressing glass, which falling to the floor, ended this transitory life in an instant. It dissipated also a parcel of my little patch boxes, and other toilette trinkets, the disorder of which I set myself to remedy with all possible composure.

I had made some progress, and Mr. Stanley had got forward in his declamation; but whether he had bewildered himself in the argument, or what had happened I know not; but all of a sudden, with the pious ejaculation of, damn your provoking soul! he seized me by the shoulders, and gave me a shake, that I thought had loosened some of my teeth.

Upon a stand by the side of the table stood a basin of very clear spring water, which



which taking gently up in my right hand, I sent the contents full into the face of my dear brother, with what little force I had. The larum ceased. He retreated towards the door; and mildly assuring me, he would be damned if I did not repent this, departed in peace.

The next in succession was my mother. She entered with the enflamed air and manner of the mistress of a boarding school, going to chastize a naughty Miffey of twelve years old.

When Lady Stanley is angry, you know, Julia, her articulation is not the most distinct, but it is very rapid notwithstanding. She took even more pains with me, than my kind brother had done, for she added to her remonstrances, many a shake, and many a slap upon the arms and shoulders; all which I bore, as in duty bound, with the greatest degree of patience, only observing, that if she had brought a rod, she would not have found it necessary to fatigue herself so much. Then came the final shake, and after informing me that I was an incorrigible little gypsey, and should be punished in an exemplary manner, she departed also.

I was now in expectation of seeing my father, possibly with a good whip, and put myself in a pious disposition of mind  
to



to receive all things thankfully. In this I was disappointed. My father would not do me the honour, and I had peace for several hours.

After dinner, Nell came into my apartment with a face of tragical importance. The most perfect friendship subsisted betwixt Mrs. Mary Kent my sister's woman, and her, so great, that talking to one another, they said, was just the same as confiding a secret to their own bosoms. In dressing for dinner that day, my sister's anger was too great for confinement; she poured it therefore into her faithful Mary's ear; who rewarded her confidence as usual, with yes mem; to be sure, mem; your ladyship is vastly in the right.

Lord have mercy on us, says Nell, what doings there are in this world. As sure as you are alive, my dear lady, there is the horridest plot carrying on against you that ever was. Nay, and against me too, says Nell; for I am to be turned away as soon as you are a board ship. On board ship! what then I am to be kidnapped, am I?

Yes, miss, into a convent at Lisle or Brussels, or some other nasty place, a great way further off than France.

When, Nell, when?

In a night or two, miss. A ship is going



ing for Ostend; and young master is to conduct you. Your sister says she shall be even with you now for all your gibes and jeers.

And does my father consent?

Lord, miss, what can he do against 'em all? It is true that when Thomas went to change the glass, he did hear master say, you are too cruel, son William, you are too cruel. But then it was all mum till Thomas went out again.

And Mrs. Mary told you this?

Yes, indeed miss, and a great deal more. And for aught I know, Thomas has a bit of an inkling, for he sweethearts Mrs. Mary; and I heard him cursing young master black and blue, and he swore he did not value his place of a half penny, if so be as he could serve you, miss, for because you was one of the best-natured young ladies in the world.

Not having the least inclination to visit a convent in Flanders, I chose to engage Thomas to assist in setting me off for London; who very faithfully conducted at different times, first our baggage and then ourselves, to a post chaise and four at one in the morning; and off we came like thieves in the night.

Laura having ended her relation, Mr. Foston said, that in consequence of his father



father and sister's desire to see him, he intended to go directly to Plymouth, and, if agreeable, would wait upon Sir Richard, and talk the matter over. Miss Stanley expressed great pleasure at the proposal, and Mr. Foston sets out to-morrow. Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Mr. Foston to Julia.*

Plymouth.

**Y**OUR grandfather and aunt did not receive me with *all* the pleasure I expected, when they saw I came without my Julia. I was obliged to quiet their revilings, by a promise you should pay them a visit before the first of March. The first of March, Julia.

I stayed dinner the next day, and then set out for this place. My friends were gone to Killington, so that I went to Sir Richard Stanley's immediately. I found my name rather a better passport than Harry Cheslyn's, for it introduced me directly into the presence of Sir Richard and lady Stanley, and of a venerable old gentleman who made a motion to leave the room on my entrance. I knew the good Mr. Smith, and insisted on his resuming  
his



his seat; then without further preamble, entered into the business I came about.

You have received a letter, says I, from your amiable daughter; will you favour me with your opinion of its contents?

Sir Richard replied, that, like many other daughters of the present day, she could write with more duty than she could act.

I am sorry, says I, to hear you say so; and must beg leave so far to stand forth the champion of beauty and innocence, as to deny the position.

My dear good master, says the old steward, she never gave you cause to complain; by my soul, she never did. I would stake my life upon her duty, and may heaven forgive——

Hold your tongue, Smith, says my lady.

I will retire, my good lady, says the old man, but if my existence depended upon it, in this cause I cannot be silent.

Pray sit still, Mr. Smith, says I; when lady Stanley speaks, I enjoin you to be silent; in reason she can ask no more.

Very free, and peremptory, Sir, says my lady; but let us hear what fine arguments can be advanced in favour of a disobedient and run-away daughter.

None at all, lady Stanley, as long as the charge is general; particular motives might admit some very reasonable ones.



I have no notion, replies she, of exposing family secrets, and making any body judges betwixt me and my children.

I applaud the sentiment greatly, lady Stanley; I only wish your ladyship and Sir Richard had always kept to the spirit of it, and had never delegated your authority. It is not of a father and mother, your daughter complains. It is of a brother and sister; it is of power assumed by those to whom neither nature nor human policy ever assigned it.

Her son and daughter, she said, had done nothing but what was agreed on in common consultation, and for the honour of the family.

That undue influence will sometimes creep into the wisest councils, we Englishmen, lady Stanley, know to our cost. And I must beg leave to think you too just, too considerate, too humane, to have adopted harsh measures, from your own deliberate judgement.

I appeal for the truth of this to your own retrospection. How kind, how proper, how truly parental, was your behaviour to your amiable daughter before the arrival of Mr. Stanley.

*Then*, there was no want of duty on her side, no want of tenderness on your's. All was cordiality and affection betwixt you.

All



All was, as it ought to be. Your son and daughter brought no new matter, no new accusation. Either then, your first mild determination in Miss Stanley's favour was wrong, or you will allow your subsequent proceedings to have been so.

But the first was your own, and like yourselves, gentle and paternal. The second, we know by its effects had other influence. I know also, by the kind benignity of your aspect, lady Stanley, that you are now returning to your first opinion, and that you will win Sir Richard over with a single smile. I may cease any farther solicitation.

You run on too fast, Mr. Foston, a great deal too fast, says my lady; I know of no such mighty obligation we owe you, as to suffer ourselves to be talked out of our senses by you, neither. Once you might have intitled yourself to our greatest regard, nor would an alliance with our house have degraded you, Sir.

It would have done me honour, madam, great honour. But once, unfortunately, in the hour of fondness, I promised Julia she *should chuse for herself*, and I have always thought it the best and safest way, in all human affairs, to keep my word whenever I can. Besides, lady Stanley, young ladies hearts are seldom under their own



governance ; how then should they be under a father's ?

Add to this, if you please, that if she takes her own road to happiness, and misses it ; 'twill be some comfort, that it was her own, not mine. And if she hits it, that is all I want.

You reason upon a false principle, says the lady, when you suppose girls are proper judges of the road to happiness ; if they were, so many daughters I believe would not take the road to Scotland with players and lieutenants.

The case, lady Stanley, would seldom happen, if every father would take the method followed by a judicious friend of mine ; the tale is short, and will illustrate this matter better than a thousand arguments.

Mr. Winter had a large fortune, and an only child, a daughter, very amiable, and something high spirited ; perhaps not the less so by having ten thousand pounds at her own disposal, left by an aunt. The young lady was in her twentieth year, when she happened to fall in love somewhere or other, with a young military gentleman, a perfect master of the airs and graces. As a visitant, he was very agreeable to Mrs. Winter also, for he was smart, satirical, and at proper times addicted to flattery.

This



This affair fell out, when Mr. Winter was in Ireland, where a large part of his fortune lay.

It never entered Mrs. Winter's head, that a man who pretended to no fortune but his commission, could ever presume to fall in love with an heiress, or an heiress with such a man.

Yet both these things happened, or seemed to happen, for there are, I believe, mistakes of the heart, as well as of the head.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Winter each of them deemed highly of the parental authority, and each exerted it, but in a different way.

He generally took the soft road of persuasion, she the high one of command. The natural consequence was, that the father was extremely beloved, the mother as greatly feared.

When Mrs. Winter perceived how matters went, the first step she took was to forbid the captain the house, and interdict her daughter all correspondence with him.

Had the captain solicited a clandestine correspondence with the young lady, her sense of duty and decorum would have made her reject it with disdain. Compulsion, which no human mind can be easy under, brought it on.

Letters flew backward and forward, and the lady indulged her lover with two or three private meetings.



The mother discovered these, grew outrageous, locked her daughter up, and wrote her husband a full account of all.

The effect of persecution, whether for love, or faith, is generally contrary to the design. The lovers found means to correspond, their ardour increased, and matters were almost ripe for Scotland, when Mr. Winter arrived.

Having paid his first devoirs to his wife, heard the pitiable tale, and applauded the lady's caution and sagacity, he paid a visit to his daughter. Such is the force of the transition from violence to mildness, that in half an hour, Mr. Winter was master of every secret of his daughter's heart, and of every circumstance of her conduct. Though he found much to blame, he found something also to commend, and a treaty was concluded on these conditions: the lady to be released from confinement; the house laid open as usual to the captain; and every thing that had passed on all sides, to be consigned to oblivion.

The young lady for her own particular, staked her honour, not to marry, or come into any engagement to marry, for one year.

Mrs. Winter pouted at this convention, but twenty years experience having convinced



vinced her, that though Mr. Winter resigned his will to her's, twenty times a day in things of small moment, he adhered to his own in matters of importance, she was obliged to acquiesce.

In this year of probation, Mr. Winter carried his daughter into the midst of routs and drums, which he had before taught her to despise. Here, by a little artful management, miss perceived that an hundred fops, who deserved only her contempt, excelled her lover in his most distinguished excellence. He brought home also to his own table, men of sense and learning. Miss could not help making comparisons to the captain's disadvantage. In short, before half the year was expired, she gave him his final dismissal, and some months after, married a gentleman equally agreeable to her father and herself.

Now, lady Stanley, I take my friend's method of proceeding to be right, because it answered the end proposed; and Mrs. Winter's wrong, because it did not. And as I am pretty clear your ladyship is of the same opinion, give me leave to propose a similar project. Take your daughter home; treat her with tenderness and confidence; let this formidable Sutton visit her sometimes in your presence; make yourselves acquainted with his true character; if he



proves unworthy, dismiss him; I will answer for Miss Stanley's acquiescence; if he merits your approbation, I am sure you will allow that two people who love each other, may be as happy with one thousand a year, which will be the least of his revenue, as with ten.

When I ended, lady Stanley sat confused and unsettled; Sir Richard seemed anxious for her reply.

The good old steward, who had testified with tears, his approbation of some parts of what I had said, rose, and taking and respectfully kissing the lady's hand, with one knee half bent to the ground, and in a most engaging attitude of supplication, Let me, my good lady, says he, have the honour of offering up my earnest prayer and petition to the same purport; I will answer with my life for Miss Laura's conduct. She always was, she always will be, the delight of those who know her.

I love her, if I may presume to say so, like a daughter. At my death she shall find I do, if she will condescend to accept my little all. I have no relations to injure, nor can I do better than return somewhere into the family, the gains, the honest gains let me say, I have derived from it.

A tear fell upon the lady's hand, which he quitted respectfully, and then sat down.

Lady



Lady Stanley was moved. I believe, says she, we must comply to get rid of these impertinent people. What say you, Sir Richard?

That I shall be happy to have it so, says he; you know, my lady, it was not my fault that ———.

Don't let us look back, Sir Richard, says I, hastily interrupting him; the future I hope, will bring us nothing but pleasure. But, my lady, I have another suit; beggars are always incroaching. My Julia comes in less than a month, to pay her duty to her grandfather. Permit your Laura to stay so long in London. Let it be an exchange on condition, my dear, says Sir Richard, that Mr. Foston makes his abode with us during his stay at Plymouth.

Agreed, Sir Richard, I accept the terms with pleasure, but what must I do with my friends, Mr. Chesslyn and Mr. Sutton? I promise myself the pleasure of spending to-morrow with them at least.

Let it be at our house, says Sir Richard; under whose auspices can the young man be better introduced?

You give me great pleasure, Sir Richard. I have a little business at Plimley's the banker's, in which, Mr. Smith, I will beg your assistance. We will return in two hours.



This is the longest letter I ever wrote, and what is worse, it is not finished. To any other mortal living, a fifth part should have sufficed; but you young ladies are so fond of descriptions of passion and sentiment, and I am fond of prating to my Julia, or of any thing that resembles it.

I took Mr. Smith with me to Cheslyn's inn, where the old man drew me such a picture of the temper and caprice of Mr. Stanley, that I thank heaven for giving me a daughter, with discernment to despise, and spirit to reject him.

In his passage to Wales, Julia, he just stopped at Wigton, to discharge the old steward; and was mean enough to give the true reason, his taking Laura's part to Sir Richard and lady Stanley. Mr. Smith thanked him for the favour, and told him, that he should always consider his dismissal for this cause, as one of the greatest honours of his life. This retort procured him abundance of the grossest abuse.

An hour before dinner the next day, I introduced Tom and Harry. It was an hour of abundant stiffness and formality, nor could any man of my acquaintance, Gordon excepted, have rendered it otherwise. The afternoon was something more chearful, and the evening became entirely so. Judge to how great a degree my lady's  
reserve



reserve and *hauteur* must have given way, when she herself condescended to give the young gentlemen a general invitation.

I pass over, Julia, the nothings that ensued for the next two or three days, to come to an extraordinary manœuvre of Sir Richard's, which gave me some pleasure and much surprize.

After having expressed himself pleased with the genteel, mild, and agreeable manners of Mr. Sutton, he added, with a sigh, he was but too well convinced of what his daughter Laura had told him, that his son was, in the qualities of a gentleman, much Mr. Sutton's inferior. He saw very plainly, that the great error of his own mind, had consisted in attributing too much to wealth and high birth, of which he has pleased to say, I had taught him a more just and far different estimate. That he admired the steadiness of my character, even more than its goodness, perhaps from the consciousness of his own weakness. It was now, he said, too late in life, for him to think of setting up a new character; all he could do, was to guard against the bad consequences of his own irresolution. That he was very well convinced from lady Stanley's private intimations, and from her manner of writing into Wales, that her present behaviour was deficient in sincerity,



and that she would relapse as soon as she saw her son and daughter. He had determined as much as possible, to shelter Laura from the storm, and release her from any future tyranny.

For this purpose he gave me, in writing, his consent for her to marry Mr. Sutton. And an assignment, making over to me, in trust for her use, ten thousand pounds. These, says he, I put it out of my power to revoke; but there is a third thing, which I cannot, knowing my own weakness, so absolutely answer for. I have made a will, leaving her all my personalty; if I can persevere, it will be a few thousands in her favour; if I cannot she must be content. The old gentleman ended with thanking me for my goodness to his Laura, and hinting his wish that she might stay in London, till after Mr. Stanley's next visit, of which he would inform me by post.

There is a goodness and propriety in all this, Julia, that denote the old gentleman's disposition to be intrinsically good; I gave him due praise, and strengthened him as well as I could. This being all the needful, Julia, adieu.

J. FOSTON.

*Miss*



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*Miss Sutton to her Brother.*

London.

**A**LTHOUGH, my dear brother, this letter, by doctor Gordon's advice is sent express, I fear, before it reaches you, I shall be the whole of your near relations in this world.

There is little probability of our uncle's surviving many hours. The gout is got into his stomach. It was preceded by unusual pains, and a peculiar despondency; his peevishness had given place to a sort of melancholy tenderness, which affected me greatly. We part, brother, when we began to be mutually dear to one another. Too often the lot of life. Death is a frightful thing: hasten, dear brother, to the relief of your afflicted sister,

ANN SUTTON.

---

*John Chestlyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

London.

**M**R. Foston returning with Tom, gave us a very agreeable surprize. It is not, indeed, without some degree of pain, we bear the loss of a single individual of



our junto. Nay, there are amongst us, Harry, some who, notwithstanding thou art, as thou art, even wish for thy presence.

Old Mr. Sutton died before our friend's arrival, and by the doctor's care, every thing was provided for the funeral; so that Tom was at full leisure to indulge his grief. Nancy, whose heart is alive to all the sensibilities, shed unfeigned tears; the tears of heirs are sometimes problematical.

He is now, friend Henry, more shame for thy sneaking elder brother, a richer man than thyself; for his rent roll is eight hundred and forty-seven pounds, sterling, per annum. Repairs and taxes, about eighty. Six thousand four hundred pounds, is found in bonds and mortgages. But this is Nancy's property, and is all the doctor will accept till the marriage of his first daughter.

The land is mostly on lease, expiring in about seven years, and will be cheap at one half more rent, provided this kingdom should chance to emerge, and recover its commerce, which, I own, is a slender dependance.

Harry, I give thee joy of the new year. The two last have been turbulent ones to thee; and they say, thou art going to seek tranquility in matrimony. There are, at this day, who hold the thing to be possible, though



though the two terms are generally considered as incongruous.

The ladies here, when they see me overwhelmed with apprehensions of that approaching evil, which, according to their pretty interpretations is often the case, console me with wonderful variety. "Beware the ides of March," says the sententious Camitha. Two men went to be hanged, says Julia, one guilty, the other innocent, of the respective facts. Ah, Tom, says the first, if I was innocent like thee, I could be hanged with some comfort; but alas! my punishment is owing to my own evil doings.

Now that is the very thing that vexes me, replies the innocent; if I had deserved it, I could have bore it like a man; but to be hanged like a dog, for no fault of my own, it makes me raving mad. So that whether Mr. Chesslyn is brought to the noose by the influence of his stars, or by his own evil doings, small is like to be his share of comfort.

I fancy, cries Laura, matrimony is like our cold bath, which I used to approach with fear and trembling, and kept tormenting myself by dipping an inch at a time; till they had flattered or bullied me into the desperate act of shutting my eyes, and fousing over head and ears at once; and then



then I found it pleasant enough—for a few minutes.

Ladies, says the doctor, its a tremendous business for a poor man to vow and swear, that he will have and hold a thing as slippery as an eel; and to take for better and worse, things which the son of Sirack says are hardly ever known to mend.

Terrible indeed, says Laura; and that thunderbolt of a precept, doctor, "leaving all others, ye shall cleave unto her alone," is absolutely insufferable by man.

Matrimony, replies the doctor, as the prayer book informs me, was made for a state of innocence; which our bishops would do well to consider, and alter its form *pro tempore*.

When a man takes an oath imposed by the legislature, it is always to the best of his knowledge or belief. A gude hint for a general saving clause, in the marriage service. As for example when the priest sayeth, wilt thou love this woman for aye, instead of the simple answer, I will, which even some canonists hold too presuming, the man should be permitted to say, I will, if I can. To the ladies, I would be still more indulgent, for to the priest asking, wilt thou obey, the answer should be, I will if I please; and this as far as I can ken, would bring the ceremony to an actual coincidence.



incidence with the present state of things.

Thus do we sport with our future chains,  
Harry, all as blythe as birds before they  
have experienced a cage.

How goes on thy executorship? and how  
go matters at old Sir Dick's?

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

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*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

Plymouth.

**W**HY, my executorship, Jack, goes  
on like a mule; and affairs at the  
knight's like a tyger. Odd metaphors,  
John, but thy genius comprehendeth all  
things. The good old steward, having  
nothing to do, is so kind as to assist me  
very much; at present indeed he is wholly  
with me, having been obliged to leave Sir  
Richard's on the arrival of Mr. Stanley and  
Mr. Caradoc, with their wives, all as hap-  
py as two pair of cats and dogs.

From Sir Richard, Mr. Smith brought  
me a verbal message, importing that he  
should take it as a favour if I would for-  
bear for a few days to call upon him as  
usual, assuring me this request did not arise  
from the least disrespect, but merely to  
prevent a quarrel.

The



The old gentleman I intend to obey; for why should I, as thou elegantly phrasest it, run my nose into all kinds of corrupted matter? but I will avoid no public place, and if the gentle Stanley bite but his thumbs at me, I will tell him to his beard, "thus didest thou."

What a plaguy thing it is that our gall cups should be so ready to overflow upon every slight occasion, without saying to the head, with your leave, or by your leave.

These ides of March! would they were over, Jack, and all well. How I pity the gentle Camitha, who hath undertaken to govern a man that cannot govern himself.

Thine,

H. CHESLYN.

*Sir Richard Stanley, to James Foston Esq;*

Plymouth.

**A**T length, by reflecting much upon your good advice, and still more upon your character, I have obtained resolution sufficient to emancipate myself from that most excruciating of all tyrannies, the tyranny of my own children.

My son and daughter, my son and daughter-in-law, and my wife, inveighed  
bitterly,



bitterly, and with one voice, against the dishonourable, and disgraceful step, as they were pleased to call it, of permitting Mr. Sutton to enter my doors, and suffering myself to be guided by the counsels of a stranger, in preference to my own family. I bore all with a determined patience for three days. At length in the very middle of an universal clamour, I took upon myself your spirit, the spirit of a man; and spoke to this effect.

You, lady Stanley, being the mother, as I am the father, of Laura, have a right to take a decided part in what concerns her. But what right have you, Mr. Caradoc, or you, Mr. Stanley, to interfere with the rights of a father?

Since you have thought proper to despise and insult, the mild, perhaps timid, character I have hitherto bore, I must assume a new one, and tell you, that this mode of behaviour I bear no longer. I *will* consult my own judgment in the choice of my friends. I *will not* consult your's in the choice of a husband for my remaining daughter.

Already have I given my consent to her marriage with Mr. Sutton; and I thank heaven, that she will be no longer exposed to your capricious and tyrannic tempers. By an irrevocable deed I have given her

ten



ten thousand pounds. By my last will I have given her—all my foolish infatuation has left me to give. No consideration you can urge will make me revoke it.

Lastly, I take the liberty to inform you, this house is mine, in which your present mode of behaviour has made you unwelcome guests:

So saying I left the room abruptly, and withdrew to my own apartment.

What immediately followed this I know not. But in two hours time I heard a considerable bustle all over the house.

Ringing for my servant, I learnt that orders were given for instant departure; my lady and all, says John.

Indeed! Please to desire lady Stanley will favour me a few minutes here. She came swelling with anger.

What is it I hear, lady Stanley, says I; is it possible you should be going also, without condescending to acquaint me?

I had divided the family, she said, by a preposterous adherence to my own opinions against better judgment; and she chose to go with her children.

Then go, lady Stanley; but remember you enter this house again, cured of your infatuation, and submissive to your duties as a wife, or not at all.

It is too late, replies she scornfully, to learn.



learn new customs ; and away she went ; and in an hour after went the whole group.

I assure you, my dear friend, I never found myself more at ease. I sent for old Smith, and Harry Cheslyn, to whom I imparted the whole, and we dined together with more cheerfulness than I have experienced for some time. Now, my good friend, I have a petition to you, which I am sure you will grant. Send me your Julia, and my Laura, directly. They shall go backward and forward to your father's as often as they please. Upon my honour I will return them both to you in very decent time before the first of March, when Laura shall have it in her own power, to be bride or bridemaids as she chooses. It would be superfluous to say I should be made still happier by your company and Mr. John Cheslyn's. Harry, impatient to see Miss Melton, brings this to town with him. My best friend,

Adieu,

R. STANLEY.

*Henry*



*Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

At Plymouth.

**T**HOU art a good fellow Jack; it was kindly considered of thee, and I thank Julia for it, to do me business in my executorship, and leave me a while at liberty to love.

In very truth, I was sick for want of genuine fond conceits, those that are made at a distance from the fountain head, being all, one way or other, adulterated. Here, I have them like mutton pies, piping hot; and to tell thee a secret, which Julia has already taught thee, unless thy head be made of leather, and thy heart of stone, they are the richest food that nature has provided for us.

What a life would that of matrimony be, could we always continue lovers!

There is but one way, Jack, a good christian way too, and cometh from no less a teacher, than the great apostle Paul. Let those that have wives, says he, be as those that have none. An excellent expedient, Jack! But stay! There are certain commentators upon ancient fable who will have it, that Tantalus was punished for



for following the apostle's advice, two thousand years before he gave it, with perpetual thirst, and a cup within an inch of his lips. I believe, therefore, I shall eat my meat like other people.

To tell thee a secret, Jack, the only fault I have hitherto been able to find in my Camitha, is, that she is too wise for folly.

I must lay down my pen. Nancy and the doctor are below, and wonderfully contentious. It is the usual dispute, I suppose, betwixt love and decorum. She thinks it mighty indecent to be married within two months and a half of the death of her dear uncle. The doctor gives her instances to the contrary; nay even of widows who have been known to marry in the first month of widow-hood.

Nancy I think will lose her cause; the poor girl has not a single body to support her in it, male or female.

Adieu,

Thine, H. CHESLYN.

*John Cheslyn Esq; to his Brother.*

Plymouth.

**I**N a court of love convened for the occasion, thy project, Harry, has been  
tried,



tried, condemned, and executed, as an impious attempt to murder all the fond conceits of husbands, long before their natural termination; and to strangle all the fond conceits of fathers, before they are born.

To comfort thee for this miscarriage, I have to inform thee, as by papers inclosed No. 1 to 5, that the business from which thou expectedst the most trouble, is the soonest finished. And why, Harry? By my superior faculties. Deny it if thou canst.

This father-in-law of mine, Harry, ought not to be suffered to go about in a christian country, without a keeper.

Not able to conceive the reason of a particular fondness he has lately shewn for rambling over Plymouth by himself, I brought an accusation in form against him, before our synod; he pleaded guilty to the indictment, alledging that the privacy with which I charged him, was owing to the nature of his business.

And what is the nature of your business, papa?

Intrigues, Julia, with the female sex.

That is a reason for excluding Laura and me, but by no means Mr. Chesslyn from your party.

The man is so near being your property,  
Julia,



Julia, that without your leave I durst not expose him to the temptation.

Expose him, Julia; says Laura; if he resist, he will improve in the exercise of virtue; if he yield, he will improve in the exercise of——making love.

My principal beauty, Julia, is a fair maid just nine months gone with child; her husband, a sailor, left her two months since with five and twenty splendid shillings in her pocket, and a promise to return in six weeks with a sack of Spanish piastras. The poor fellow is now funning himself in a dungeon at Havre-de-grace.

In short Julia, I have been squandering thy wealth away upon a score of relicts, thanks to this all prolific war, who have become so by French and Spanish cannon, or French and Spanish jails. And what is worse, I have done all this, without requiring a single certificate of marriage, or a single character of honesty, so that it may have gone forth amongst as errant jades as any in Plymouth.

I have one adventure upon my hands of a different kind, which really embarrasses me much. In short, I have stumbled upon a German lady, who speaks no tongue but her mother's; and whether she is maid, wife, or widow, I am wholly ignorant, and likely so to remain.

One



One day passing by a house of common appearance, I saw a little hubbub, and was informed a foreign lady was arrested for debt, and going to prison.

This may redound to the discredit of my country, thinks I; and it has enough already. I entered the house without ceremony, and found two young women, wringing their hands in an agony of distress. The very bailiff was cursing his lot, because the jobb had fallen to his share.

The man of the house, though the author of the arrest, was much affected. If necessity had not driven me to this step, says he, I never would have taken it. But I am neither able to support these poor women, nor to see them starve, and projected the sending them to a public prison, in order to draw some well disposed persons to their assistance.

The debt was eleven pounds. That the man felt as he spoke, I could easily believe; because he would not receive the charges of the writ; but gave three guineas of his debt to one of the women, and sending away the bailiffs, made signs to whom they were obliged.

This being understood, the elder lady threw herself upon her knees and kissed my hand, which is a language I believe would be understood from Lapland to Ethiopia.



Ethiopia. I, for my part, was never more at a loss to make my meaning known, for after I had seated them kindly, and screwed my features into an expression of compassion, I had done my all.

The man of the house gave this account. Five months ago, an English privateer brought into this port a French prize bound from Embden to Cherburg. A German gentleman and these two ladies were passengers. They came to board at his house. The gentleman spoke French, so that interpreters were easily had. The elder lady seemed to be his wife, as we judged from their behaviour, though the ladies always lay together.

There seemed to be much uneasiness amongst them, and sometimes they quarrelled. In about a month the gentleman went on board a Dutchman, saying that he should be back in eight weeks. He left them very little money, and has not yet returned, nor has any letter that I know of ever been brought them. They have given me from time to time a watch, several toys, and two silk gowns, all which are at the pawnbrokers.

I left ten guineas with the ladies, who seemed, by all I could guess, to implore me to visit them again. I have called again upon them twice.



Two reasons operated against my making you acquainted with my bargain; first, because one extravagant fellow in a family is quite enough, and secondly, because it may not be altogether proper for them to receive visits from men whose heads are not grey.

No news from Wigton-hall. The old knight is transported with Laura's behaviour; will have her a bride on the 1st of March; and seems inclined to make one amongst us at Henneth, if lady Stanley still continues refractory.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*Mr. Henry Cheslyn to his Brother.*

London.

**W**ITH a retrospect to her own once forlorn situation, my tender Camitha hath painted to us the probable distress of the two German ladies, in a foreign land, ignorant of the language, without a single friend, or a possibility of procuring the common aids of life, in such pathetic colours, that our hearts have become interested in their future welfare, be their indiscretions what they may.

I am



I am now, Jack, as all good christians ought, looking forward to my latter end; and to borrow a phrase from the good house wives, am winding up my bottoms, in order that the day of my regeneration may be burdened with no evils but its own.

In the first place I have contented the widow; which I take to be a capital performance. Secondly, I have found out five of Su hall's poor relations, to whom I have paid two hundred pounds each, which is fifty more than some of them deserve, but that is not my affair.

But the deed for which I most applaud myself, is the bringing a bawd to repentance. Not that the case is singular, for poverty, bridewell, the pillory, and John Westley, may each of them have done the same thing.

Judge of her penitence, Jack, by the conditions she has subscribed to. To refund the sum for which she arrested Miss Melton. To pay all the law charges. And lastly, by way of poetic justice, to give, not to bequeath, one hundred pounds to the Magdalen hospital.

I feel so much satisfaction and self-complacency, at having conducted these matters to so desirable an issue, and at receiving remittances from America, by which our house will have an overplus of some



thousands, after paying twenty shillings in the pound, that I must go and get drunk, either with wine or love. For to-morrow's sake, I chuse the latter. So fare thee well,

HENRY CHESLYN.

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*John Cheslyn, Esq; to his Brother.*

Plymouth.

AS all things are ready for our departure hence in three days, I write this, as the last letter, to tell thee I rejoice at thy rejoicings, Harry, and at none more than thy last article, because it will be a joy unto thee, by reflection, to thy life's end.

The history of our German ladies, as to us, is arrived at its catastrophe; but the veil of mystery which covers them cannot at present be removed. Whilst we were searching Plymouth for a German interpreter, we heard a vessel was just come into harbour, with a battalion of sick and wounded Hessians, on the way from America to their own country. The commanding officer, a genteel young man in black, and of courteous manners, came on shore. We offered him our services in the way of business. He was thankful, and we became of some use.

We



We took him to the coffee-house, the usual resort of strangers; dined there, and afterwards mentioned the little embarrassment we had been under for want of a person versed in the German language. He offered to attend us, and we went together. He speaks no English, but French fluently.

Mr. Foston led the way into the ladies apartment; the elder, on throwing the first glance of her eye on the officer, clasped her hands suddenly together, screamed aloud, and fell back into the arms of her attendant. I threw my eye on the officer, whose right hand, I suppose, by an involuntary motion, had seized the hilt of his sword. A flash of disdain seemed to fill his eye; whilst anger flushed his cheek. Add to this a strange stare of astonishment, and you have the best of my painting. The lady opened her eyes with a wild vacancy, and when again they had fixed upon him, sprung from her attendant's arms, and threw herself at his feet. The other lady first found her tongue; what she said we knew not; but the gentleman who had not seemed to notice her before, no sooner cast his eyes upon her, than he underwent, as we thought, passions of a complex, and to us, unintelligible nature. At length he found words; questions I suppose, and she,

N 3

answers.



answers. At first, these seemed to indicate anger, afterwards were more gentle. By and by, he condescended to raise the weeping lady, who was still clasping his knees, and led her to a seat; then turning to us, gentlemen, says he, this lady is my sister; will you add to your other goodness, that of leaving us a few hours together. I will then attend you at the coffee-house, where I shall be happy to have you my guests for the evening. We accepted the invitation, and departed.

Sir, says he, to Mr. Foster, when we met at night, it is incumbent upon me to express the gratitude I feel for your most generous support of my sister. Unhappy girl! I fear she has been imprudent; I fear she has reposed her confidence in a wretch who has abused it. On this account, and on the death of my father, I have been recalled from America, where I have served three years, but have now thrown up my commission. The letters of my friends have represented my sister's conduct in a very unfavourable light, and her seducer, the son of a German baron, in that of a villain, who deserves the gibbet.

My sister's account, is an extenuation of his guilt, and her own imprudence. Uncertain as I am of the real state of facts, you will excuse my entering into a detail; when



when I am master of the truth, you shall know it.

As to the other young lady, she was, and is still, dear to my heart. Friendship, to a candid mind, would palliate, though perhaps not wholly excuse some improper steps her great affection to my sister has caused her to take.

Poor girls ! they have been amply punished, and, but for your benevolence, must have sunk under their miseries.

Once more he thanked us, and regretted his want of time to cultivate our friendship and esteem. Then seemed inclined to turn the conversation into a different channel.

It fell upon the American war. We wished to have his opinion. If, says he, you can make the Americans cut their own throats, you may succeed in retaining your sovereignty ; for as to yourselves, and we Germans to help you, you really cut so few per annum, that you must call in the assistance of the next generation. The misfortune is, they breed as fast as you.

To be serious, says he, although I have been engaged in it, and am besides, the subject of a despotic prince, I like neither the principle nor the general conduct. Above all, I detest the sordid part we have taken in it—for daily bread.



In short, Harry, we found the young gentleman's conversation so agreeable, so rich in information, so fruitful in anecdote, that we made a late evening of it, and parted with reluctance. This day, we accompanied the ladies and himself to his ship, taking his promise of a visit this summer to Henneth.

This world, Harry, produces a number of chance medleys, which, when we can solve no other way, we have recourse to the other. In compliance with the custom of the good old woman of all times, I shall tell thee, that by a wonderful providence, Jackson the taylor, the legatee of Suthall, and the landlord of the house where our ladies lodged, are the same identical personage, who received the two hundred, with such all—out—of—proportion marks of joy, that I interdicted him the use of sheers for a week.

No correspondence hath as yet passed betwixt Sir Richard Stanley, and the inhabitants of Wigton hall. Yesterday Mr. Smith had a letter from Mrs. Nelthorp, in which she says, they are all to pieces, that she is weary of her life; but declines all further particulars.

Another associate, Harry. You will scarcely conceive Mr. Foston's pleasure in receiving letters from his old friend Lewis,  
who



who informs him, that he is preparing to set out with fourteen thousand pounds, a wife and daughter, to end his days in his own country. Never man spoke so much in praise of a woman, as he of his wife, whom he humorously bequeaths to Mr. Foston, in case his battered body proves unable to stand the voyage. Foston will accept the legacy.

Adieu,

JOHN CHESLYN.

*Mrs. Gordon, to Miss Polly Farvis, at  
Attingham.*

Henneth.

THE series of correspondence I have hitherto kept up with my earliest friend, under the simple name of Ann Sutton spinster, must now, my Polly, be closed but intend it shall be continued under that of Ann Gordon.

When I informed you about Christmas last, that the first of March was fixed upon for the union of two of our pairs at least, you returned me a laughing answer, with a wager of a pair of gloves against it; founded upon the palpable improbability of lovers continuing in the same mind two months together.



The thing however has actually come to pass, Polly ; and, by the growing grievances in the Stanley family, Miss Laura has been added to the group. St. Brides church in Fleet-street, was graced with four virgin brides in white and silver, and four bridegrooms in brown and gold ; the first denoting innocence and purity ; the last a resignation of all claim to those unmanly virtues.

There is a playfulness in my lovely, lively, sister Laura's imagination, that would not permit her to compose herself to gravity, even on so awful an occasion. And since, when we brides are by ourselves, she is always letting fall some arch humorous observation or other, that makes us laugh, whilst we are ready to beat her.

Having sent our male, female, and neutral baggage by another road, we ourselves made a little snug party of three post-coaches and four, and came to this place by the way of Windsor, Oxford, Gloucester and Hereford ; travelling at great leisure, and seeing what was curious in all those places. There is however a sort of perturbation of mind attendant upon this important change of condition, which I suppose usually renders ordinary objects trivial. At least I found it so.

I gave you, Polly, a description of this  
sweet



sweet place formerly, from one of my brother's letters. The moment I get to house-keeping, I shall claim your promised visit; and then you will see how little it is in the power of the pen to do it justice.

But what are the beauties of the inanimate objects around, when compared to the minds of the animated beings within; accompanied by every virtue. My dear Polly, I cannot express my happiness.

Adieu,

ANN GORDON.

P. S. You will express it better nine months hence, sister Nancy, or give no credit to the arch deceiver.

LAURA SUTTON.

*Sir Richard Stanley, to James Foston Esq*  
Plymouth.

My very worthy friend,

**I** Have received my dear Laura's dutiful and affectionate letter, informing me of her marriage, which I rejoice at with all my heart; pray give her my blessing, and the fond wishes of a father, who feels his future happiness dependant upon her alone.

N 6

I thank



I thank you, in the name of Smith and myself, for your cordial invitation to Henneth. We intend to accept it within a month. The good old man is overjoyed at the prospect. It is impossible to say how much he reveres you, and how much I think myself your debtor, for making me acquainted with his wisdom and his virtue; I have kept him forty years; but O pride, pride! you knew him better in an hour.

All the correspondence I have hitherto had with Wigton hall, has been in one letter, and its answer, of which I send you copies, because you will see in them our respective frames of mind, and rejoice in the new acquired steadiness of your old new friend,

RICHARD STANLEY.

Wigton.

SIR RICHARD,

THAT ever I should live to write to you in such a cold formal manner; but it is all your own doings.

How could you be so headstrong, and set yourself against your wife and family, all for the sake of a parcel of busy meddling people, and a disobedient run-away daughter. And I hear she is gone to be married to that Sutton; if so, I have done with her.

My



My son William and daughter Harriet are quite enraged; and well they may; such a disgrace.

Yet notwithstanding you have acted so preposterously, they say they are willing to meet you half way, which to be sure you will gladly accept, when you consider how wrong you have been. So I expect a line from you, inviting us to a reconciliation,

Your affectionate wife,

HARRIET STANLEY.

My dear Lady STANLEY,

WE have been husband and wife, upwards of thirty years; in all which time, to the best of my remembrance, your ladyship's will has been the sole governing power. Now it's my turn. Better late than never.

As to your dear son William, and your dear daughter Harriet, when I can prevail upon myself to pay the humble duty of a father, and implore their forgiveness, for daring to do what common sense must approve, I will fly to throw myself at their feet. Till then, I will be silent.

Your daughter Laura, lady Stanley, is married. I bless God she has so far degenerated from the family folly, as to prefer



fer happiness to wealth. I am going to spend the summer at Henneth; I go to my Cordelia. Regan and Gonerill! farewell.

These doors, lady Stanley, will be always open to their mistress. Only if you enter them with your present way of thinking, they will be open also for my exit.

Still I am your affectionate husband,

RICHARD STANLEY.

*Doctor Gordon to Archibald Lockiel, Esq.*

At Inverness.

Henneth.

EVER since I left the blue mountains of Inverness, I have written, Archibald, for thy instruction; of all the good and evil of my conduct, but of the good or evil that befel me on the first of this instant March, have I not wrote.

On that day, it pleased the fates to deprive me of the solitary life of celibacy, and call me to a better, even the holy state of matrimony; into which I entered, like the starved weazel into the granary, without considering which way, when my belly was full, I should get out. Seven other spirits, bent on the same hazardous enterprise, almost petrified the poor priest, with  
the



the *quantum* of mischief done to mortal man in one day.

Thou art familiar, Archibald, with all their names ; but we are associated together for no other purpose on earth (saving population, Archy.) but to sow the seed of happiness on our own ground, and diffuse the plant around us, as far as we are able. Now the point is, to go about it like workmen.

Zeno advises the soil to be manured with apathy, and then, says he, misery cannot grow upon it.

Nor happiness neither, says Julia ; let us call another adviser.

Epicurus, Mrs. Chesslyn, says I—

Is an apostle for pigs, replies she. Let us have no more of him than just to get fat by ; pleasure is not *all* we want.

Julia has contracted to take no prescription but your's, says Mr. Foston ; let Greece and Italy therefore rest in peace.

Our pursuit is happiness ; let us first consider of our ways and means. In the first place we have four thousand acres of land to cultivate, and cause to be cultivated. We have houses to build, and the little village of Henneth to make into a town.

We have two thousand fine oaks to fell, and twice as many to plant.

Now



Now honest Hugh Griffiths assured me, yesterday, that he thought it impossible a man should be happy who has nothing to do. When he wore a tambour waistcoat, and indulged himself in the noble employment of lounging; my heart, says he, was as heavy as lead. But when he was ruined, and had betaken himself again to the awl and strap, his heart was as light as a feather.

This *postulatum* being granted, I propose, continues Mr. Foston, that every man amongst us, should be a man of business, of science, and of pleasure.

We must have manufactures, that other folks may be as happy as ourselves, and that Julia's children may be brought up in the way they should go. We must have commerce, or the manufactures will be useless.

Now the whole business relative to lands and houses, I propose to be under the care of Tom Sutton and myself, because it is suitable to our tempers and inclinations; and that the rest of you, men and brethren, should consult your own propensities, and act according thereunto.

This general and extensive outline, says Mr. Melton, pleases me prodigiously. I propose that Harry and I should associate in the mercantile way, and making Cardigan our port, stretch our canvass over the Atlantic;



Atlantic; that is to say, when ministers will permit. One of my occupations in Rhode Island was that of building ships. There is a little cove within four hundred yards of Camitha's lawn, which a little money might change into a dock. Let that also be assigned to Harry and myself. Your timber will find the most profitable market; and, in two years, the business, in all its branches, may give employment to about one hundred of your people.

Excellent! said Mr. Foston; four of us are as well disposed of, as Solon himself would have wished.

Now, says Mr. John Chesslyn, I find the singular utility of being brought up like an English gentleman.

Doctor, I propose that you and I associate; though education has done nothing for me, nature has; I have legs to carry me out for the gathering of simples, and arms to pun them in a mortar. One way, indeed, there is, in which I have thought I might be made useful to your society. My principal study has been the law. What say you to the novelty of an attorney practising—without a fee. This properly managed and extended only over our own domains, may, possibly, preserve something of the peace, and more of the pence, of our waspish Welchmen, as fond of litigation as their cousins the Normans.



It is a gude thought enough, Mr. Chesslyn, says I, but take my word for it, if you follow that business, and no other, I shall have a frequent patient of you; and, by-and-by, a cross one.

Faith, if you and I associate in manner and form following, you, with the addition of law, and I, of physic, we shall stand, according to Mr. Griffith's *postulatum*, highest of all in the scale of felicity.

I understand something of my own country linen-manufactory; Welchwomen may be taught to spin, and Welch land to bear flax. But, above all, I consult my own propensities in the erection of a dome to make glass bottles. I have marked a hill abounding with excellent flints for the purpose; and when we have made glass, man, it will be the easiest thing in the world to make spectacles.

Agreed, most worthy preceptor, says Mr. Chesslyn; I trust you will find me no small blockhead of a pupil; but that's your own affair.

Well then, says Mr. Foston; so far for the disposition of business; we shall have a thriving colony.

With regard to science, the whole range of natural philosophy lies before us. May it find successful cultivators. Let us pursue it, not as Dilettanti, but as men in earnest,



earnest, to extend its boundaries. Let us divide the country into regions, and each preside over his own.

As to the article called pleasure—

Leave it, says Laura, to your wives.

To this we gave an assent universal, on condition there shall be no monopolies.

And now, Archibald, what thinkest thou? If love and friendship, peace and plenty, a quiet mind, good digestion, and something to do, cannot procure happiness here below, I care not how soon I leave Mount Henneth for heaven.

So fare thee well,

W. GORDON.

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*Mrs. Gordon to Miss Polly Farvis.*

Henneth.

**I** HAVE now, my dear Polly, had a four month's experience of matrimony; a period of time in which it hath sometimes happened, that all its sweets have been exhausted.

I am not sensible of the least diminution of *my* felicity, nor have I yet perceived any reasonable ground of fear.

I should not scruple, like other honeymoon-al brides, to call myself the happiest of women, did not I see, before my eyes,

Julia,



Julia, Camitha, and Laura, equally happy as myself.

How should it be otherwise? I would tell you our husbands were the kindest, tenderest of men; only that as you read novels, Polly, you would be apt to draw them in your imagination, making studied, formal, perhaps fulsome speeches, or languishing, and dying by the hour; not one of which things did they condescend to do, even whilst they were lovers.

Politeness of the head our gentlemen reserve for lady visitants; for us, they have a politeness as well as tenderness of the heart. The sure indications of both, Polly, are those looks of soft complacency and love; that intire good humour; that sweet serenity and ease, which denote their heartfelt satisfaction.

I cannot resist the desire I have of making you acquainted with our distribution of time, because our amusements are in themselves a rich source of pleasure. We breakfast early, because our gentlemen are all men of business, and generally devote the hours till three, the hour of dinner to it. In fine weather, we ladies have a world of work in our plantations, groves, and grotts; or we make excursions into the country, as we best like.

When the air is sharp or rainy, we have  
our



our harpichords, our tambours, and our pallets. At such times, the gentlemen have their philosophical experiments.

At the hour of three more properly commences the reign of pleasure, of which the ladies are intire arbiters. Wit, mirth, love, friendship, and good humour, combine to make the dinner and supper hours as lively as possible. No separation ensues; an hour is generally given to music, another, perhaps, to a pleasing walk; perhaps to cards, which we are not philosophers enough wholly to despise. Sometimes a dance, sometimes one of those ingenious plays of the intellect, frequent enough in Wales, where wit, and whim, and chance, combine to produce something, like the cross readings of newspapers, droll, extravagant, yet of applicable allusion.

Thus, dear Polly, have I given you a kind of skeleton of our life; nothing but your own eyes and ears can make you comprehend it substantially. To feel it, you must marry, and *associate*.

Sir Richard Stanley and old Mr. Smith have been here a month. The knight declares he never saw happiness before, and has actually added a room to the house, building for my brother, to be appropriated to himself only.

We



We have no correspondence with Caradoc-hall, no notice has been taken of Sir Richard Stanley by any of that family. Mrs. Nelthorpe has left Wigton, and, in a letter she writes to Mr. Smith, says, they are in such a helter skelter way, quarrels have been so frequent amongst them, that lady Stanley is very unhappy; torn by two contending passions; the wish of returning to Sir Richard; and the shame of submission.

Oh, Polly! the transcendent happiness which has fallen to my lot! Never, never can I think of it, without offering up my silent thanks to heaven.

Your happy

ANN GORDON.



F I N I S.











℔.

[Bage]







Bage, Robert

Mount Henneth a Novel ; In 2 volumes

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